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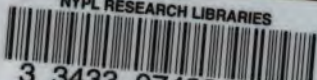
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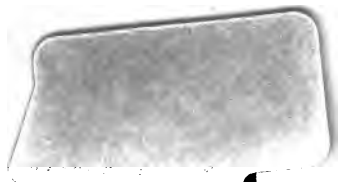
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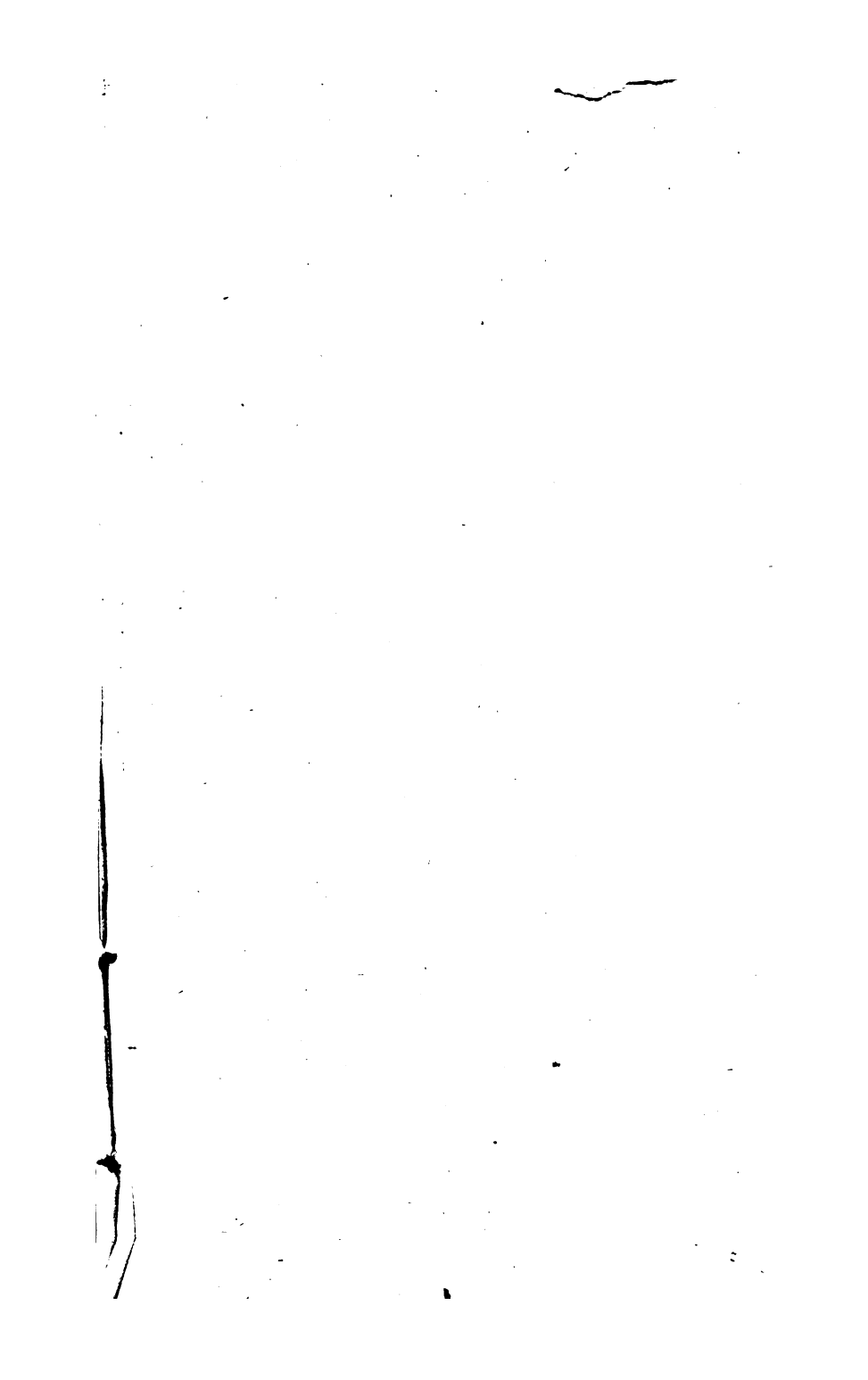
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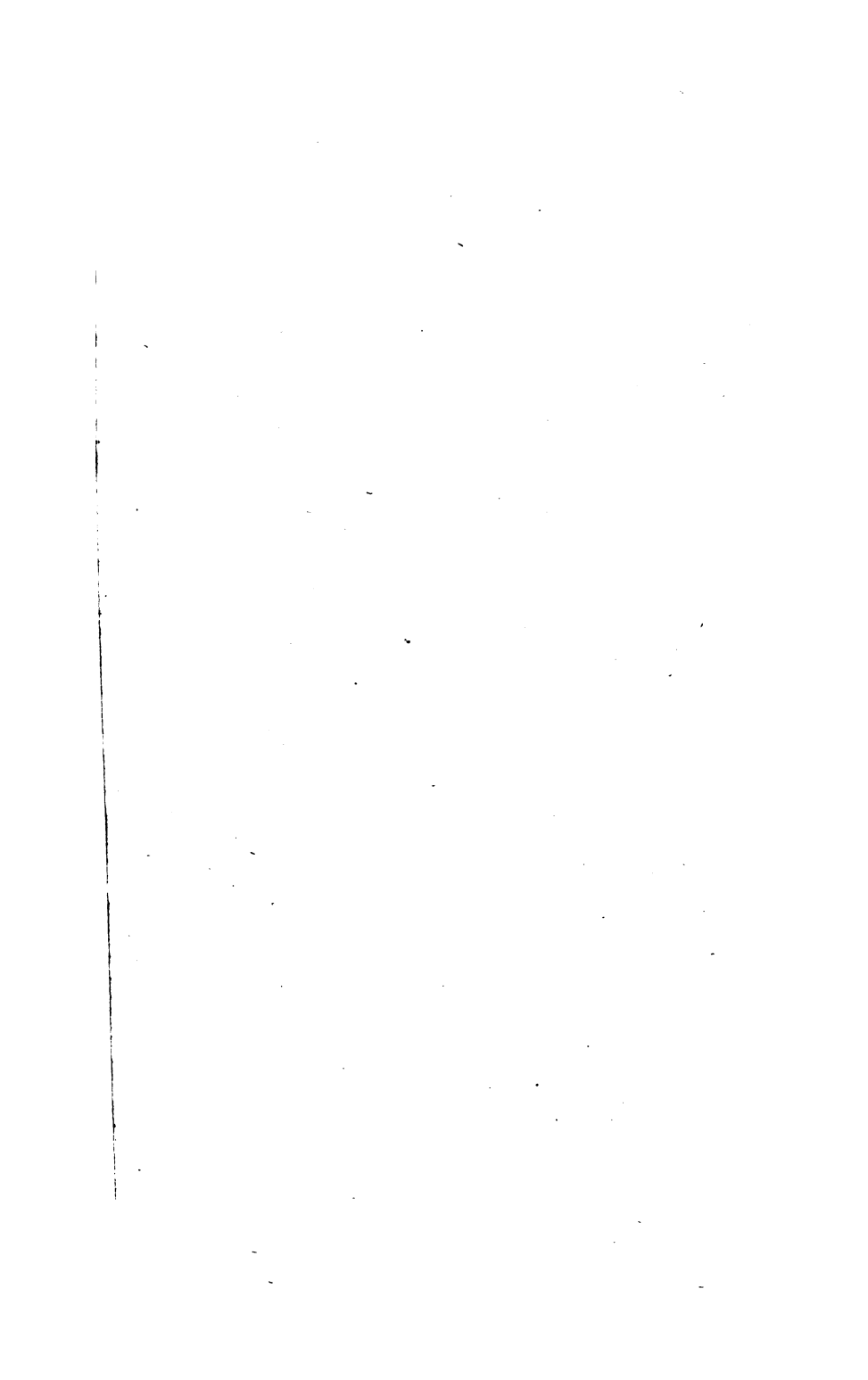




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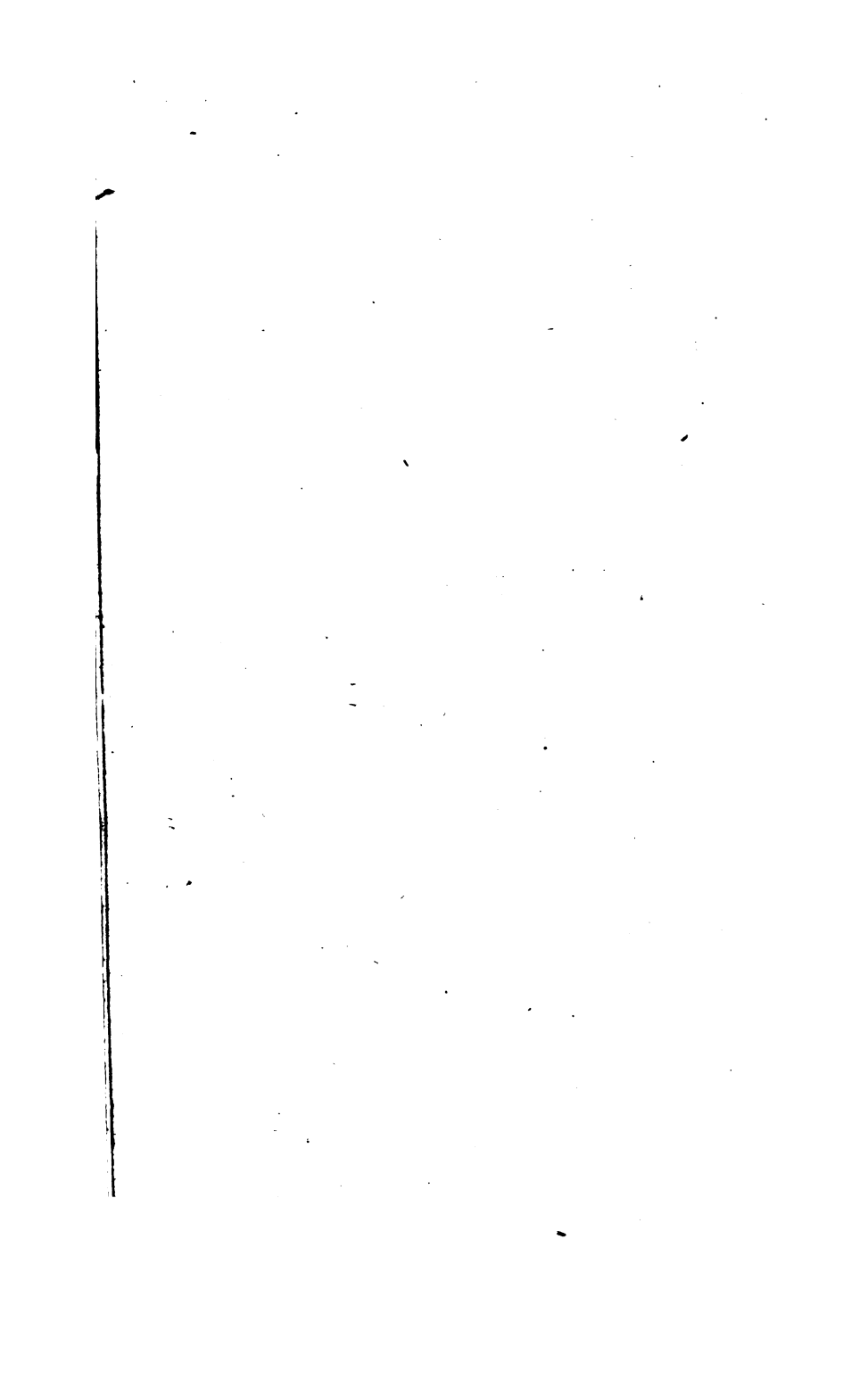


**FATHER BUTLER**

**AND**

**THE LOUGH DEARG PILGRIM.**





# FATHER BUTLER

AND

## THE LOUGH DEARG PILGRIM.

BY W. H. CARLETON,

1

AUTHOR OF "TRAITS AND STORIES OF IRISH PEASANTRY,"  
"NEAL MALONE," ETC.

*D. Redmond*

TO WHICH IS ADDED

## NATIONAL TALES.

BY THOMAS HOOD,

AUTHOR OF "THE COMIC ANNUAL," ETC.

0

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## FATHER BUTLER.

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I do not know where I would rather direct my solitary walk, on a quiet, serene summer's evening, than to the church-yard of our parish. It lies low in a secluded valley; a range of copse-covered hills surrounds it on all sides, except where a lake, the parent of a clear sparkling stream, opens its bosom to the setting sun, and reflects in its mirror the ivied belfry and picturesque walls and windows of a ruined chapelry. An old chestnut-tree, gnarled and shivered by time, but still huge in its compass and luxurious in its branches, spreads its shade over a great part of the cemetery; and from thence the cuckoo loves to repeat its constant call, and the ringdove to murmur forth its complaint. I often seek the solitariness of this place as congenial to my mood; and when desirous to look back on time, or forward to eternity, my seat is the tombstone, and my bower the ivy, beneath which

"The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep."

There, looking forth on the broad disk of the setting sun, I have often thought that this was the hour and the place in which I might contemplate with deeper and more tranquil devotion the reposing glories of nature; and my soul having gone abroad through-

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out creation, and traversed the universe, came home fraught with the intensity of silent worship to its great Creator.

Thus abstracted from the world, I have inquired what were to me the passions, the pursuits, the turmoils of life? and spurned them as clouds beneath my ascending foot. The cry of bigotry, the shouts of party, the congratulations of successful policy, the joy-bells of gratified ambition,—what were they to me? The hum of the bee-hive, or the busy industry of an emmet's nest, was as interesting, in the abstraction of the moment; perhaps more so, as not being associated with the misery and devastation produced among mankind by the license of unrestrained passion, and the bitter consequences of a fallen nature.

On a lovely evening in June, 182—, I was taking my usual walk to the church-yard; the balmy air wafted on its scarcely perceptible breeze the odours of the honey-suckle and the meadow-sweet; and the sun was just hanging over the blue and fine peak of *Knockmany*. What noble breadths of light and shadow diversified the whole scenery—what a resplendent beam of golden light, bursting through the ivy foliage and Gothic tracery of the western window, lit up the interior of the little chapelry! And abroad upon the lake!—the white mist was rising under the shadow of the impending crag that shaded it from the horizontal rays of the setting sun. The redbreast upon the highest top of the old chestnut, was pouring forth its soft and modulated song—the distant *peewee* of the lapwing came to my ear, as, ascending from the meadow, it circled in graceful evolutions, or shot angularly from its course, emitting from its wings that peculiar sound from which it has its name; and the snipe, rising

and falling in the clear blue air, uttered, at measured intervals, that strange and quivering hum, which is so much in character with lonely places. As I pursued my walk, I overtook a young man, whose appearance was not only respectable but genteel. He was dressed in black; his form was tall and slender—his countenance expressive and intelligent, but pale, and shaded, as I thought, with an air of melancholy; he had a book in his hand into which he occasionally looked, but his pace and his manner appeared to be those of a man whose attention was fixed upon some object, the remembrance of which was associated with pain and suffering. He was rather musing than reading. It was when I passed over from a pathway that led from a little triangular field towards the church-yard, that first I perceived him. He was some paces before me when I got under the shade of a double row of spreading elms, which grew on each side of the path, so that without any inclination on my part to gratify an improper curiosity, I had an opportunity of witnessing those involuntary gestures which inward sorrow, unchecked by the gaze of observation, will frequently occasion. He walked on for some time, until he came to a break in the trees, where a vista opened upon the narrow houses of the dead in the church-yard—he then stopped, and stood with the book between his hands, which were clasped. He was at this time about ten yards before me, with his side towards the direction in which I stood; I could, therefore, at that distance, mark the varied shades of feeling as they passed over his countenance. The disk of the setting sun was just sinking behind the mountains. He looked for some time towards the grave-yard, so much in the silent abstraction of sorrow, that I could not help concluding, that some one who

had been dear to his heart, now slept within its precincts. He then raised his eyes to heaven, and fixing them on the setting sun, exclaimed in the emotion of the moment, "Here is a prospect from which the man of grief may draw a moral, capable, at once, of exciting and allaying the severity of his suffering—here is death," said he pointing involuntarily to the cemetery; "and there is life," he continued, looking towards the sun; "here is despair, there is hope—here is mortality, there is immortality—here is sorrow, there is joy. In that grave on which my eye rests, lies the mortal part of her, on whom this heart was so irrevocably fixed—in that grave sleeps Ellen—oh! how many broken hopes, how many sorrows crowd into that word!—Ellen—who would have been——; but in yonder sky—behind those palaces of beauty, her spirit, guiltless and innocent——" He here checked himself, and recoiled like a man who finds his foot on the edge of a precipice. "No, no," said he, flinging the book to the ground, and clasping his hands in bitterness of soul, "there is the impassable limitation—there is the line drawn, beyond which neither the charity of the Christian, nor the affection of the heart can go. There has the Almighty said, so far shall my mercy go, but no farther; there has the dark and stern decree of his unfathomable will interposed; and this heart must contemplate the spirit of her who was young, beautiful, and virtuous—of her whose hand fed the hungry mouth, whose lips instructed the young mind, or consoled the helpless in the hour of affliction—of her whose charity was so boundless, whose hope was so strong, whose faith——" Here he stopped again; but apparently so much distracted by the conflict of his feelings, that he became unconscious of his own emotions. He rushed

immediately towards the church-yard, leaving the book, which in the agitation of his mind he had flung on the ground behind him. I walked on and lifted it, being determined to present it to him ; on looking at the title-page, I found it to be a Roman Breviary. I now approached the church-yard, and when I arrived there he was sitting beside a tomb, apparently absorbed in profound grief. When he rose up, he wiped away the tears which were fast falling, and frequently turned his eyes to heaven, like a man who *would* have addressed a prayer thither, but *dared* not. I stood at a distance with the book in my hand, and as soon as he turned round I approached him. When he saw me, he seemed to feel both mortification and embarrassment at my presence ; but there was an air of modesty and diffidence in this young man, which prevented him from exhibiting impatience for what a man more conversant with society, might have been disposed to consider an indelicate intrusion on the privacy of sorrow. "I believe, Sir," I said, "this book, which I have just found under the trees, is yours. I followed you with the intention of presenting it, but seeing you under the influence of strong feeling, I forbore to do so until I thought you were sufficiently calm not to be startled by the interruption." "You are very obliging, Sir," he said "to take such trouble ; the book is mine, and I thank you not less for your kindness than for your delicacy." He then, bowing, wished me a good evening, and in a hurried manner walked from the church-yard by a different path from that which led him to it. When he was gone, I went to the monument over which he had poured his sorrows ; for I felt, I must confess, an indefinable curiosity to know who it was that he had deplored so bitterly. I read on the tombstone the following simple inscription :



This Tomb containeth the remains of  
ELLEN UPTON,  
Who died on the 11th of May, 18—,  
Aged 19 years;  
Also of her Mother,  
ELIZABETH UPTON,  
Who followed her on the 15th of August, 18—,  
Aged 63.

“Alas!” thought I, as I ran my eye over the inscription, “here lie perhaps all that life contained for him of that which constitutes the sweetest and most delightful enjoyment of the heart. Cut off as he is by the conditions of his office from the cultivation and exercise of the tenderer affections, deprived of all that fills the parent’s eye with joy, and his soul with gratitude—shut out by the force of an ecclesiastical regulation from the sweetest sympathies of life—from the pure emotions and privileged enjoyments of humanity—repulsed from the hallowed paradise of domestic life, which the sacred characters of father, mother, wife, and child, are permitted to enter:—is it any wonder that he should, concentrated as his affections must be by the nature of his situation, stand over the grave of a mother and a sister, and weep with the violence of a strong man’s grief? How clearly can I fancy, that sister, perhaps his only one—the beloved companion of his childhood and his youth, equal partaker of his joys and sorrows—pining away, day by day, and hour by hour, until the lightness of her foot, the benignity of her smile, or the melody of her voice, is heard or seen no more! When the final pang is over, and she lies stretched out in the stillness of death—fair picture of departed beauty, never again to turn the eye of tenderness upon a brother or a parent—never to wipe away with her own feeble hand the hopeless tears from her parents’ cheeks—never again to affect the mirth of innocence in the languor of dis-

ease, that she might calm the agony of those who feared to lose her for ever—oh, never again to soothe them with the strong consolations which, rich in faith, she could, and did give, of meetings beyond the grave, where there is neither sorrow nor separation!—never again to give them the full assurance that she realised for herself those promises of the gospel that are yea and amen in Christ Jesus, nor by the serene influence of her word and example, “allure to brighter worlds, and lead the way.”

When I contemplate her still warm with the traces of departed life, silent to the wild cry of her mother’s grief, calling upon her name—when that brother, perhaps an only one, raises convulsively to his lips the tender hand that was so dear to him, and sees it fall down in utter lifelessness by her side—when I fancy the father’s approach to make his morning inquiry after her, who in the emphasis of affection was always called “*his*”—when I see him bring the black riband, to have the long gray locks which descended his shoulders tied as usual by her hands, and when he hears that his flower is cut down, collecting all the Christian within him, and kneeling before the eternal throne, praying to be supported—when I see him struggle with his grief, his lip quiver, his voice become indistinct, and his whole frame shake, until at length remembering that she was his only and his dearest, the tide of grief bursts forth with a violence which nothing can repress—oh, when I bring this before me, do I not know that the sword of affliction pierces his soul? Then when I measure the short period that intervened between May and August, I can fancy the mother’s disease to be that of a broken heart—“she would not be comforted;” her complaint was that of Rachel—she gave way to lamentation and weeping, because her child **WAS NOT.**

After having brooded over such melancholy images for some time, I turned towards home, as it was now near twilight; but in order to prolong the pleasure of the walk, and diversify the landscape, I took a more circuitous path on my return. I had not, however, advanced far, until I perceived him again a little before me, for he walked very slowly; he was in conversation with a peasant, but on noticing my approach he left him and walked on more quickly. The peasant proved to be one of my own labourers—a very good-humoured man, named Tom Garrett, whom I noticed once or twice for the neat and clean manner in which he kept himself clothed.

“A fine night, your honour,” said Tom, touching his hat.—“A fine night, Tom; you’re on your way home, I suppose?”—“Jist on my way, your honour, afther a hard day’s work, Sir.”—“Well, Tom, you work for your bread and earn it honestly—and it’s always the sweetest bread that’s most honestly earned.”—“Why it is, Sir, shure enuff—still, Sir, if we could arn a small taste more iv bread, wid not altogether so much work, your honour—’twud be no dissarvice to poor hard-workin’ men like uz, that has nothing to depind upon but the labour iv our hands—and then the wife and childher, Sir.”—“Why, indeed, if you could, Tom, I’m shure I’d have no objection in the world.”—“Thank you, Sir,” said he, “I’m very sartain you would not; bud did you meet a tall gentleman in blach, at Miss Optin’s grave in the church-yard, Sir?”—“Yes, Tom, who is he?”—“Why he jist ax’d me the same questin about yourself, Sir; an’ I tould ’im that you war the gintleman who bought square Grames’s estate, an’ that was lately come to live in the castle.” “But who is he, Tom? I take him to be a Roman Catholic Priest.”—“Indeed an’ he is, Sir, sure enuff—that same

thing—an' a sore heart does it leave 'im that he is a priest."—"Why, I thought Roman Catholics generally feel an ambition to become members of the priesthood?"—"An' why shuddent they, your honour, when we consider the great power they have, and the larnin' they get; sure there's not a priest in Irelan' this minnet but undherstands the seven languages; and as *Paddy Dimnick*, that sarves mass every Sunday, tould me last week at a station in Corra-na-moddagh—'there's Father Driscoll,' said he—him, Sir, the ould square, that was afore your time christened *Dry-skull*—'can spake Hebrew as fast as English.'"—"Well, Tom, I won't dispute Father Driscoll's or Dryskull's (or whatever else you choose to call him) capacity to speak Hebrew; but setting his Hebrew knowledge aside, in plain English, what do you know of the gentleman you were just speaking to?"—"In troth, Sir, exceptin' bits and scraps, myself never hard the story out and out—but some way or other, they say he's not right in his head ever since Miss Optin died, for that made strange changes in him."

"Why, is he looked upon as deranged?" I inquired.—"Bedad, that's more nor I can say either, Sir—but their's sartinly some talk about it; although others sez that it was larnin' that crack'd him. I declare it, my own opinion is, that barrin' his great larnin', there's not a hap'orth the matter with 'im, your honour."—"But you're after observing just now, Tom, that he regrets entering the Church?"—"So *Paddy Dimnick* sez, Sir; and that it was again his own consint he ever was made a priest iv, bud he was always a mild, quiet crather—an' when his poor mother was on her death-bed, thinkin' she'd never see God in his glory, if he didn't go to be a priest, bekase she made a vow to the blessed Virgin when he was sick, that if he'd recover she would

make 'im one, why he went, a short time afore she died, and dhropping down on his knees at the bedside, towld her he was ready to do whatever she wished. Then the father and she hugged him downright, an' they all cried together like childer. They say he wrote Miss Optin a letter before he went—and that she never thruv afther—but kept wastin' and wastin' away tul she died—but poor fellow he suffered for id, for he was only a short time priested when he jist came home in time to see her die—that's not long ago, Sir; but whether he was fond iv her or not, he'll soon follow her. He lived wud his father ever since; an' *Paddy Dimnick* tells me that he has been offered two or three curacies, but he won't take them; an' intinds to live and die wid the ould man, who can hardly live from him. He hasn't been much out, Sir, since he came from Maynewth, bekase he wasn't able, they say, to lave his bed: but I'll warrant, Sir, you may meet him, any time he can go out, at Miss Optin's grave. I'm tould, Sir, he knows a power, at laste *Paddy Dimnick* sez so.—“Who is this *Paddy Dimnick*,” I inquired, “to whose authority you refer so often?”—“Why, bliss my sowl, your honour, it's impossible that you never hard of *Paddy Dimnick*, the great voteen, that every garsoon in the parish knows. It's he that attinds the priest at mass every Sunday, and that's under so many blessed ordhers—from the *Scapular* down to the *Coard of St. Francis*—that leads the *Rosary* and the *Stations* in the chapel—that goes to *Lough Derg* wanst a year, and fasts every Friday and Wednesday, exceptin' when Christmas-day or Aisther Sunday falls upon them. If you wish to know all about young Father Butler, go to *Paddy Dimnick*, your honour, for he knows all and all con-carnin' him.”

From what Garrett had said, and the interest

which the young clergyman personally excited in me, I felt a strong desire to know his history more particularly, and the real cause of his affliction. I had, indeed, upon the whole, from Garret's outline, a pretty correct notion of the cause of his melancholy seclusion: but I wished to ascertain more accurately the character and sentiments of a young man, who, in personal appearance and intelligence, seemed so far above the generality of those who are called to discharge the duties of the priesthood. I was, therefore, determined to go to *Paddy*, and after hearing his account of young Butler, be guided by my own discretion, either in seeking his acquaintance or otherwise. I observed, indeed, on our first encounter, that he avoided me; but this I ascribed to the circumstance of my having witnessed emotions which he wished to be private, and to his youth and natural diffidence.

Accordingly on the morning of the following Monday, for this occurred on Saturday, I mounted my little pony, and set out to pay the redoubtable Paddy Dimnick an early visit. His house, which was about two miles from mine, was situated partly on a moor, and partly on that description of land which skirts a mountain. Paddy Dimnick held the situation of mass-server from devotion, and not from any mercenary motive; for he was one of the wealthiest farmers in the parish. His house, though thatched, was two stories high, well lofted, and in every respect a most comfortable farmer's residence. The passages about the yard were paved and laid down in a manner that would have done credit to the taste of the most exact and scrupulous Englishman. A square grass-plot stood in front of the house, well shrubbed and flowered; and the gravel-walk that led up to the neat hall-door, was, after the manner of his betters, twined into a serpentine form.

and trimmed with boxwood. Behind the house rose a little wooded amphitheatre; and the rustling of its trees in the sunny breeze of summer, made a music, which was the sweeter when contrasted with the stillness of the dark, purple-flowered heath that stretched around it. But there were also, in several parts of his arable land, little clumps and plantations of fir, sycamore, and mountain ash, which, with the greenness of the meadows, that were refreshed by the clear waters of a river, from whose banks the bending osier dipped into the stream, formed a comfortable residence and a happy scenery.

When I arrived at Paddy's, my appearance evidently created no little confusion, and certainly much more speculation than any one there was prepared to dispose of in a satisfactory manner. I went first to the hall-door, and on rapping, it was opened by a clean-looking girl, who, the moment she saw me, shot down a long passage that led to the kitchen, to inform her mistress, "that there was a gran' look-in' gentleman at the big door, but he was no priest, she knew by his trowsers. Misthress, go out to 'im, may be he wants *Paddy*."

Now, the reader must know, in order to understand the plain appellation of "*Paddy*," in the last sentence, that in certain districts of Ireland, a usage prevails of rather a ludicrous peculiarity. It often happens that a wealthy husband marries a wife whose family is poor—or that a young woman, or widow, with property in her own right, marries a man not worth a shilling; in that case the original names and distinctions are kept up, not only by the parties themselves, but by their neighbours. I once knew a man named Gillespie, whose wife brought him property, though he himself had been pennyless; accordingly, on their way to the church on

Sunday, the usual phrase was, "there goes Mistress Gillespie and Tom." The case in question was precisely similar.

There goes *Misthress Dimnick* and *Paddy*, might be heard as they passed to chapel or to market, but never Mr. and Mrs. Dimnick. "Misthress, misthress, fly," said the maid, "its some gintleman that wants 'Paddy.'"—"Go 'long, you gowk, and bring him into the parlour," said the mistress; "and do you wash your hands, Kate avourneen," addressing another, "and finish this butter for me, and be shure, ye dhurty clart, to have it pinroed as you had the last—save iz, who can this be, as he's not a priest?" So saying, she took a towel, dried her hands, and tightening her apron, advanced up the passage, which, being in a line with the hall-door, enabled me to see and hear all that happened. When she came up, she dropped me, with self-taught politeness, a low and respectful curtsey, saying at the same time, "Wont you have the kindness to take a chair, and sit down, Sir?" I thanked her, and after sitting, inquired if I could see her husband for a short time, as I wished to have a quarter of an hour's conversation with him, if he was sufficiently at leisure. "Indeed an' to be shure, Sir, he'll be at leisure to spake wud ye, as long as ye plase—for its Paddy himself that's foud of shanahin', and tracin' back ould times—that is, when he's not with the men, or at the prayers, Sir."—"Is he within, Ma'am, at present?" I asked.—"Hem—why, then, Sir, he's not jist within now."—"Perhaps he's in the fields," said I,—"if you will have the goodness to send a servant with me, I will go there, sooner than trouble him to come home, or leave his men."—"Oh! Sir," said she, "he's not far from home—indeed I may say he is at home—bud at this hour, Sir, he would scarce see or speak to any wan."—"I am sorry," I



replied, "that I came at so unseasonable a time, (it was a little after seven in the morning;) I will just take a ride along this road that leads through these wild mountains, Mrs. Dimmick, and on my return he may probably be at leisure."—"Or what if you'd take a walk in the garden, Sir, in half an hour he will be ready to see you, or in less, for this is but Thursday, and no fast-day." I here perceived a book in the parlour window, which proved to be the far-famed Pastorini's history of the Church, and taking it up, I determined to amuse myself with it in the garden until I could see him. It was a beautiful breezy morning, in the delightful month of June, and the graceful rocking of the trees, the rustling of the leaves and branches, and the dancing of the chequered shade upon the gravelled walks and flower-beds around me, contributed more than the book to my enjoyment. The garden was really such as surprised me to find in so remote a place, for it was remarkably well kept, and contained a considerable variety, both of fruits and flowers: but Paddy's father, I should remark, had been a gardener and steward. I had not been long in it, however, when I heard something which resembled a human voice, murmuring in a peculiar cadence, certain inarticulate expressions that bore a very strong analogy to language. But what puzzled me most was the attempt to ascertain the precise direction from whence they came, and what they were or could mean. The mountain breeze on that elevated situation, although the sun shone brightly and warmly at the moment, blew, as I said, among the trees with some force, and as it rose and fell, the sounds I heard, in consequence of the noise of the trees, were more or less distinct; at last I could hear the words "*gkee-or-run*"\* pronounced at cer-

\* Pray for us.

tain intervals ; and this induced me to conclude that they were the burden of whatever was then repeated. I now rose and traversed the garden, and by this means I perceived that the sound came from a particular quarter adjoining Paddy's house, the gable of which formed part of the garden-wall. I stood here for a few minutes, and placing my open hand in the form of a scoop behind my ear, set myself to catch the sounds more distinctly. All, however, was vain—I looked around and around to no purpose ; I saw not a quarter from which they could possibly proceed without my immediately perceiving the person who uttered them. At length, however, an increased loudness in the tones of the voice led me to look up ; and judge of my surprise, when I spied a round, rosy, fat, unmeaning face, and two large gray bullet eyes, fixed upon me from a tree which grew within a few feet of the gable window of the house : and what made the whole thing ridiculous, was the rocking to and fro of the tree, and consequently of Paddy—for it was himself—whilst he repeated his prayers in a tone loud and musical. I could not help giving an involuntary smile, amounting almost to a laugh, at such an original and singular appearance ; but I instantly turned away, fearful of giving offence, and glad also of an opportunity to conceal what he might probably set down as an improper levity on my part, but which in reality was not. The next glance I gave at him, however, I felt that there was mirth at least in my eye, and it was by no means lessened by the contrast of the grave imperturbable face, the eyes of which were solemnly fixed upon me out of the branches as before. I then retreated to the summer-house, which was in the other end of the garden, where I certainly enjoyed the grotesque appearance and situation of Paddy without danger of giving offence. There he was, about thirty-five feet from the ground, in a

seat made in the branches of the tree which had started out as they grew, and formed a natural arbour large enough, with the assistance of two or three sticks laid across the forks and covered with green sods, to contain three men. I now perceived that I must wait until the prayers should be gone through; and accordingly amused myself with Pastorini and with Paddy until the termination of his morning devotions. When these were concluded, he stepped very dexterously into the gable window of the second story, which was just on a level with the bower, and not more than a foot and a half from it, in this manner descending into the parlour. I now thought proper to go in: and when I entered, Paddy was emptying a little water out of a bottle on the palm of his left hand, in which he dipped the point of his right thumb, and formed the sign of the cross upon his breast and forehead, repeating certain words that were originally Latin, but which Paddy had stripped of that useful character of language—intelligibility. He paid not much attention to me while this was going forward, although he certainly glanced his eye occasionally towards me, as if he could have spared my presence; yet that seemed to him, on the whole, to be a matter of indifference. When he had finished that ceremony, he gave the wife a single look, with which she seemed to be perfectly well acquainted, for she instantly disappeared, and left him and myself together.

“Mr. Dimnick,” said I, after bidding him good morrow, “I hope you will excuse me for this untimely visit; but as I am generally an early stirrer, I thought it the best way to drop in as I took my morning ride, and the most likely hour to find you within. I hope my coming has not interfered with the performance of your devotions?”—“In discoorsin’ me, Sir,” said Paddy, “don’t mither me. I’m a worm, ye percave,

a crawlin' raptile on the yearth; a wicked, sinful villain: and for that matther so is yourself, an all God's Christhen crathurs, if one goes to that. How-an'-ever, I'm afther repatin' an act of humility this mornin'—an' more nor that—bud I'm not a man that's apt to boast iv what I do that way—God forbid I shud—bud, at any rate, I hope there's many a bright angel in heaven through my manes, worm as I am—bud I won't boast, I say, only take care, Sir, an' don't misther me, if you have any regard for my sowl; call me plain Paddy—or, indeed, you would do me a sarvice if you called me Paadrick." "Why, do you think my calling you Mister would injure your soul?" I inquired. "It might damn it, Sir, it might damn it to all etarnity, for it might make me proud; and pride, as the Cathechiz says, is the first of the seven deadly sins: bud, Sir, I'm detarmined to be humble, and pride is a sin I'm not given to." "Well, will you let me know how you intend to put your determinations in practice?" "*Intind!* Sir," retorted Paddy, somewhat offended; "arrah, is it only intintion wud us at this time o' day? an' what did ye think we were doin' for the last eleven years? Intend! bedad, that's not bad ether: an' is all my fastin' an' prayin' for that time nothin'; is my eleven full stations to Lough Derg nothin'; is two guineas a year to Father Driscoll for sayin' masses nothin'; is fifteen plenary indulgences nothin'; could a man get through all these wudout humility?" "Why, indeed, Patrick," I replied, "as you have put the question so directly to me, I think it very possible he might——" "Oh, I see, Sir," said Paddy; "bud Father Driscoll an' you differs a bit, I think. May I make bould to ax, Sir, what perswasion you belong to, wud submission?" "I belong to the Protestant Church," I returned. "May I never die insin, bud I thought so! an' so heerin' iv my abilities, you come

to my own house to sack me in arguin' Scripthur; but jist stop there a bit, if you plase—I'll be bail you'll get your fill iv id." He then went down to the kitchen, and before I had time to undeceive him, collected all the servants in and about the house, male and female, with Mrs. Dimnick at their head, to witness the argument and his triumph. In a moment the parlour was almost full of servants and labourers, and Paddy became quite animated and active in getting them seats and chairs. He then placed two chairs in the very middle of the parlour, precisely opposite each other, one for himself and another for me. "Now, Sir," said he, "take one of those chairs, I don't care a pin which, for I'll bate you on ether iv them—take one iv them, an' here I'm ready to argue wud ye, till this time to-morrow, if you'd be able to hould out so long." I had then neither time nor inclination to enter into an argument with him, nor to exhibit myself in such a droll manner, under such absurd circumstances; although I was certainly determined to ascertain, on some future occasion, how far Scripture truth, and plain reasoning, would influence a man whose prejudices and ignorance seemed so strong and rooted. "Patrick," said I,—“as your humility will not allow me to call you Mister, —you have completely mistaken me. The object of my visit was not to enter into any argument with you at all; but to have a quarter of an hour's conversation on a quite different subject. I have no objection, indeed, on any future occasion to discuss with you calmly and dispassionately the differences between our religious tenets: but at present I must decline your challenge, as I have not time, even were I disposed, to accept it.” “Mark that!” said he aloud before my face—“he has got a sample of Paddy, you see: well, Mich Soolaghan, will ye ever spake ather this? will ye ever say that I can't argue

down a heret—hem—argue down any of the Sectarians or Bible-men; may be this is no victory, blessed be the Mother of God for id, wid a very small taste of obligation to faithful Paddy Dimnick.” “Patrick,” said I with a smile, “I certainly surrender you the palm of this victory, of which, indeed, you may be proud; will you now dismiss the assembly, and take a walk in the garden with me for a few minutes?” “By all manes, Sir, by all manes: go off now every one of ye to yer business,” said he, addressing the labourers, “ye seen enuff—enuff to make ye wise on one point while ye’r alive. Ye’ll read no more Bibles afther this; for if this doesn’t open yer eyes, I don’t know what will.” They then dispersed, and he and I went out again to the garden, that I might have a better opportunity of knowing more fully the history of the peculiar circumstances of young Butler. “Patrick,” said I, as we passed the “tree,” “what’s your motive for taking possession of this tree for your oratory or praying-place?” “Don’t you know, Sir,” says Paddy, “that the son of the Virgin Mary\* suffered on a tree; and don’t you know also that the only prayer that was ever made on a tree was granted—that of the thief, Sir.” “Is that your motive?” I inquired. “Why, Sir,” said he, “do you find fault with the motive; bekase if you do, sit down, and I’ll defend it.” “Then you think the difference of place makes a difference in the power of the prayer?” “To be sure it does, Sir, or what ’ud bring us to Lough Derg?”

“And do you think, Patrick, that God is not equally present and accessible in all places, and that your prayers are heard more favourably at Lough Derg

\* This is a usual epithet given in the Irish language to Christ by Romanists.

than they would be at home?"—"I'm only quite shure iv id, Sir; wasn't it fur that same rason that St. Patrick made an' blessed id; ay, an' wan pather-in-avey in that ilan' is worth sixteen,—I'll say fifteen," said he in a lower tone, "as id's an odd number, an' agrees wud the mysteries of our Saviour,—is worth fifteen out of it." "But don't you think that the Lord looks to the heart more than to the place? and that a sinner approaching the throne of grace, pleading the name and trusting in the promises of the Lord Jesus Christ, and firmly purposed, with the divine assistance, to amend his life—I say, don't you believe, Mr. Dim—I beg your pardon—Patrick, or Paudrick if you please, that the prayer of such a man would be heard as mercifully at home as in Lough Derg, or at any other station?" "Why, then, Sir, in throth I'm ashamed at a gentleman iv yer edication to put sich a question; don't ye know, that although sich a prayer might be hard very well at home, that it would be hard five times betther at Lough Derg; how duv you know, would the blessed Virgin, or any iv the saints, marthyrs, confessors, apoastles, innocents, evangelists, baptists, patriots, or divines, give a single word in wan's favour at home; an' may be, Sir, between ourselves, nether you or me would be a *traneen* the worse iv a small taste iv intherest through their manes, when we offer up our pathors, that is, if you war a Roman Catholic, which plase God, I don't say but—well—any how, if ye stick close to my company you won't be sorry for id, I can tell ye; for ye appear, Sir, to have some glimmerins of sense sure enuff, if ye know'd how to make use iv id."

"Well, Patrick," said I, "I shall certainly give you, as I said, an opportunity of converting me; but suppose now that a sincerely contrite sinner addressed himself to God at home, without going upon

a station at all; and that a man who possessed *not* true repentance should go to one, merely to ease his conscience by praying *there*, which of these two do you think would obtain mercy sooner?" "Ay, you think, Sir, you have me now, but I'm not so easy bogged as that comes to; do you forget intercession so soon, an' superarrogation too? or may be yer beginnin'—eh?—well, who knows—an' if you should—bud in respect iv what you jist axed me, at any rate, in the name of goodness, I'll set you right; I can tell you they'd be both on a par in that respect, bekase, you see, the intercession of the sints\* on the one han', an' the super-arrogance of the Church on the other, wud make up what the Lough Derg man's heart might fall short of; so that there wudn't be a *cronha bawn's*† differ atween them; an' that's the use of Lough Derg; otherwise where wud be the sarvice iv id? Is there any other deep point, Sir, in sanctimony or divinity, that you wud wish to have cleared up?" "Indeed, Patrick, I did not think that your views of religion were so peculiar, but I will not trouble you further on that subject at present; will you permit me to ask if you know Father Butler?" "I beg your pardon, Sir, for about ten minits, I'm afeard these idle fellows of mine isn't got to their work—bud any how, I have two or three pathers to say every Monday an' Thursday at this time, an' this is just the hour, Sir, for ye see the sun's now on the third pane of the windy, so that I must be at it direkly; how-an'-diver, I won't keep you long." So saying, he went into his own house, and the next moment appeared in the tree aforesaid, with a long pair of beads in his hands; he then dropped instantly on his knees before a large wooden crucifix nailed to the tree, which I had not observed

\* Saints. † A halfpenny some time ago circulated in Ireland.



before. Paddy, like every other Pharisee, prayed aloud, and felt not the slightest degree of shyness in doing so before me; on the contrary, he went through his devotions with that supercilious confidence in their merit, which not only gives a devotee so high an opinion of his own sanctity, but such a very contemptuous one of every person who repeats not as many prayers as himself. He had not been many minutes, however, in the tree, when I heard him, in the midst of the prayer, shout with a most stentorian voice, "Very well, Matthew Toole, very well; that's a fine way you're clampin' the turf: an' you, Dannelly, you great omadhawn, isn't it a fine way yer spendin' the time between yees; I must pay yees wages an' give yees feedin' for this—an' well ye deserve both, I'm shure, ye idle, skamin' spalpeens!" He then resumed his prayer, whilst his eye was passing from place to place, to see that every man was employed. In the course of a few minutes he again exclaims, "Mick, Mick Soolaghan, I say, take an' put the *greth*\* an' *bardhags*† on that mule that's tumblin' herself in the craft, and help Tim Dooley to draw home them *rough-heads*‡; we'll soon want them for the *farrah*§ to dhry the flax." He then resumed as before, and began to finger the beads as if he were paid for reckoning them by the hundred. A few minutes before his descent he called out to a boy who was driving out the cows that had been milked to pasture: "Loghlin, will ye dhrove Dhrimindhoo back; don't you see that she's sick, ye blind crathur; bud drive her to the wan side first, there's red-headed Kate meetin' ye—to the wan side with her till the unlucky thief passes." He then got through two or three "pathers" more,

\* Tackle. † Panniers. ‡ A kind of turf. § Flax-kiln.

descended by the gable-window as before, and the next moment was with me in the garden.

"Well, Patrick," said I, "if I had not seen you practise this species of devotion in the tree, I could scarcely have believed that a man would select such a situation for prayer." "Indeed, Sir, I'm now so used to id, that I would rather pray there than any place else; but I've sich an idle pack of fellows about me here, an' so many prayers to say, that I declare it, Sir, I cud never attind both wud-out hitin' on some plan like this." "Oh, ho," thought I, "the secret is out; he's no Zaccheus after all; it is to watch the labourers that honest Paddy mounts the tree, and for no spiritual confidence that he puts in the situation, although I should not feel surprised from what I have seen of him, if that notion too influenced him." I now came directly to the object of my visit, "Patrick," said I, "do you know Father Butler, the young clergyman who lives here in our neighbourhood?" "Do I know 'im is id?" said he looking with one eye shut, very inquisitively into my face—"an' may I make bould, in a civil way, to ax your razons fur that same questin?" "I assure you, Patrick," said I, "I have no particular reason, except a wish to become acquainted with him." "And why, Sir, still in a civil way I mane, shud you wish to get acquaint wud him?" "Because I think him an interesting, intelligent young man," I replied, "and because I'm told there's something peculiar, if not affecting, in his history." He again looked into my face, and seemed not only cautious and inquisitive, but suspicious and dissatisfied. "Hum—an' who sent you to me, Sir, wud submission to larn any thing about Father Butler?" "It was Tom Garrett," I answered, "one of my labourers, who told me whatever I have heard about Mr. Butler, and directed me to you." "Well,

Sir, not makin' you an ill ansur, go back to Tom Garrett, the harden'd crathur, that hasn't an ounce iv sense, an' tell 'im frum me, that he knows as much about Father Butler as I do; an' tell 'im too, if ye plase, that neither iv is knows any thing to spake if." I certainly felt offended at his evasion and the evident insincerity of his manner; but I perceived that some thought had occurred to him, which made him cautious and quite suspicious of my purpose, but of what nature his suspicions were I could not then say. Of this however, I was not long ignorant, for during our conversation, his wife came out to inform him that one of the labourers wanted to know where he would build the *rough-heads*, a kind of turf. He took this opportunity of telling her in Irish, "that he thought I was some Bible-reading rascal, that wanted to come across Father Butler, in order to convert him to heresy, as Father Butler was innocent and fond of Protestants; but I'll take care," he added, "that this knave, this hound of a heretic, won't go home much the wiser for me; he wants to pick out o'me, as if I'd let an any thing about Father Butler, and I'll stop Tom Garrett's mouth too, the omadhawn!" He knew not during this conversation, that I understood the Irish tongue as well as himself, otherwise he would have been more cautious. I now took my leave persuaded that to get any account of Mr. Butler from him would be impossible, and determined to introduce myself to this interesting young clergymen on the first opportunity that might offer.

More than a month elapsed before I found it practicable to effect an interview, for I understood his illness had continued. At length, one evening in the middle of August, as I was taking my usual walk, I met him on his way from the church-yard. The moment I cast my eye on him, I was surprised at

the change which so short a time had produced in his appearance, for though his cheek was a little flushed with the exercise of the walk and the warmth of the evening sun, yet his body was much wasted, his respiration short and quick, and his eye lit with a lustre, which I knew did not belong to health. When I advanced up to him, he immediately recognised me, and as the situation in which I now found him was not, like the last, one where affection indulged in its secret grief, he therefore felt not the same disrelish of society which he had then evinced. He even anticipated me in the salutations of the evening, and bowed, with a smile in which, notwithstanding the delicate circumstances under which we had met before, I read a kind and courteous remembrance of the very slight civility I had rendered him with respect to his breviary. He was dressed in a black surtout that made his fine person, which was naturally tall, look much taller : instead of the common clerical small-clothes, he wore black cassimere trousers, with cotton stockings, exceedingly white and fine ; and there was altogether in his dress and *tout ensemble*, something which at once bespoke the elegant, liberal mind, and the gentleman ; on a closer inspection, a man of penetration might observe through all this the elevated seriousness of a Christian. After the first civilities of recognition were over, " I think, Sir," said he, " I owe you some apology for the abruptness and apparent want of courtesy of my manner on our rencontre in the church-yard some weeks ago. I say so, because I thought that I observed something in you which told me I encountered a kind spirit ; I was, however, at the moment, in a state of agitation which nothing but a consciousness of privacy could have permitted me to indulge. You will, then, have the goodness, Sir, not to impute the slight notice I took

of your civility to any thing intentional on my part, but really to the embarrassment I felt on being discovered under the influence of feelings incompatible with the severe character of my profession,—for I am a clergyman of the Church of Rome.” “There is not, sir,” I replied, “the slightest occasion for an apology on your part; on the contrary, if any *be* due, it is from me, whose appearance, I certainly could perceive, was unseasonable; for I know, alas! from experience, that the heart which is loaded with affliction or grief retires to solitude in the fulness of its emotion, that it may weep away the burden which oppresses it: there is a modesty in real sorrow which shuns the eye of day and the gaze of observation; but I cannot see,” I continued, “why the tear which you shed over the grave of a departed friend should be incompatible with your character as a clergyman.”

“I do not mean to say,” he returned, “that the exercise of the kindlier and humaner feelings are so generally, or should be so; but there are some cases where a sense of duty differs from our own conviction, and when these occur we are bound to sacrifice what we feel to what we know; particularly when what we feel runs counter to those regulations, an obedience to which, on our part, constitutes a duty.” “I do not,” said I, “perfectly see the application of your last remark, because I do not understand the nature of the regulations to which you allude, nor do I properly apprehend how a man’s conviction and his sense of duty can be at variance, as long as he himself is a free agent, and capable of correcting the error of the one by the rectitude of the other, or by some better standard.” “But,” said he, “are there not situations in which man is *not* a free agent?” “I grant that,” said I, “but do you think it should be so?” “Perhaps,” said he, musing, “It should.” “Undoubtedly,”

said I, "to a certain extent; for instance, he who has the disposition to injure society in general, or any individual in particular, should not be permitted to possess the power, nor, consequently, to be so far a free agent; but wherever there is a restraint laid upon a capacity to do good, whether that restraint arise from a regulation that imposes a duty or otherwise, man in such circumstances is not free, and consequently not happy."

When I had uttered these words, his eye glanced at me with an expression, in which there appeared to be at once conviction and inquiry. He seemed to conjecture that I had heard something of his history and of his sufferings, and that I spoke to his particular case. "I would," said he, "better perceive the truth of your observation, if it were less abstract and unlimited." "I do not relish mystery," I replied, "no more than I do an unwarrantable curiosity; but when you said, just now, that the sorrow in which you indulged for its departed object on our first meeting, was inconsistent with your character as a clergyman, I must confess, I thought the expression a remarkable one." "When I used it," he replied, "I did so, as a proof that I was not unwilling to cultivate your society and esteem, otherwise I would not have touched upon a subject which few men in my circumstances would make the topic of conversation with a stranger:—but, Sir, although not personally acquainted with you, I am with your character, and it is also possible that you may have heard something of me. If our walk were longer, I might give you to understand what I just now meant by the expression which you call a remarkable one, and how it is possible for a man's conviction and sense of duty to vary." "I am happy, indeed," said I, "that you consider me so far entitled to your good opinion, as to think me worthy of your confi-

dence ; you may rest assured I shall never abuse it." "I have no such apprehension," said he, "but the communication of that which is already known to so many, can scarcely be called placing a confidence in you ; I have, however, certain motives for giving you the history of what I have felt and suffered, as well as of what I feel and suffer—motives which, if you knew my peculiar situation, you would excuse." "Well, then, if you will breakfast with me to-morrow," said I, "we will have sufficient time to talk an hour or two, or indeed as long as you please after breakfast ; and as you are so delicate in your health, I will call, and give you an easy drive to the castle in my gig." "I would be happy to go," he returned, "but my poor father is so old and feeble, and, with the exception of myself, so lonely, that he really could not rest an hour, much less eat a meal, without me ; even now see here comes a servant by his order to summon me home to him." This was indeed the fact ; while the servant approached us, he added, "as I, however, cannot avail myself of your kindness, will you do *me* the favour to breakfast with me to-morrow ?" "I shall with pleasure," said I : for as I felt an unaccountable interest in the communication he was about to make, I was glad of any opportunity that might enable me to hear the history of a man whose calamities had reduced him to such a hopeless state of health ; so, after inquiring his hour of breakfast, and promising to be punctual, I turned towards the castle, and he went home with the servant, to nurse and comfort his fond and helpless father.

It was about a quarter to nine that evening when I got home ; I retired then to my study, until bedtime : I had not been here long, however, when, a servant came to tell me, that Tom Garrett wished to see me for a few minutes, if I were at leisure. I

ordered him up, and the next moment Tom entered. "Well, Tom, what's the matter?" "Why, your honour," said Tom, scratching his head and shrugging up his shoulders, "not much; only a bit iv a bet I made wud Lanty Nolan." "A bet, Tom! and what occasioned the bet between you?" "Why, Sir, to tell yer honour the thruth, partly two things." "Have you made two bets then?" "No, Sir, only wan, bud I offered to double id wud 'im." "Garrett, I entirely disapprove of betting—because it not only directly injures a man's circumstances, but fosters a bad spirit, and destroys industrious habits wherever it finds them; however, let me hear the nature of the bet, and how I can interfere in it?" "Why Lanty an' I, Sir, war discoorsin' an hour agone about the great discushion-match that was held in the meetin'-house last week, atween the priests an' the ministers; an' so, your honour, from wan thin' to another we begins to talk about *Paddy Dimnick*—now, Sir, you must know that Lanty 'imself's a piece of an arguer, an' a great scripturian entirely, ever since he got the Bible from Dr. Story; at any rate, he an' Paddy never can meet two minnits, but they're ding-dust at it; though every body knows he's not fit to spake to Paddy—no, nur to hould the candle to 'im fur that matther; although, your honour, Lanty's sartinly a *tough* fellow, an' can bate most o' them any Sunday, '*ceptin*' Paddy."—"Tom," said I, "this is any thing but a direct story; let me know at once what I can have to do in your bets?"

"Why, Sir, to tell the thruth—bud first I must let yer honour know what we betted for—some time ago, Sir, Lanty got a Bible from Dr. Story, an' ever since he's 'got'n so stiff, that there's no standin' 'im, with the exception iv Paddy, Sir, as I said afore, who's always too many fur 'im—so as he an' I war



talkin' over wan thing or another this evenin' about the discushion-match—'Lanty,' says I, 'what kind iv a book is that Bible that Dr. Story gave you? I'm tould that all these Protestant Bibles is corrupt-ed;' thruth's best, Sir. 'Who tould you so,' says *he*? So, I up an' tould 'im what Paddy had been tellin' us, time afther time, in the chapel-green—'sure ye know,' says I, 'that the *lheadghan wurrah*\* isn't in it, nor the *salha-na-mharrho*,† nor nothing about Purgathory; an' to crown all, doesn't every one of their Bibles abuse the Pope?' 'Have ye all this from Paddy?' says he.—'An' what betther authority, Lanty,' says I, 'cud I have it frum?' 'I'll tell you what it is, Tom,' says he, 'Paddy's an ass, an' yer sumthin' of the same kidney yerself, or ye'd have more sense nor to listen to his palaverin'—bedad he did, Sir, plump to my face—'an,' says he, 'in regard iv the *lheadghan wurrah*, an' the *salha-na-mharrho*, there's jist as little iv them an' iv Purgatory, too, in our own Bible as in theirs; bud there's a set of witless crathers iv ye, that gathers roun' Paddy Dimnick every Sunday, swallyin' wud yer mouths open whatsoever he chooses to say; an' bekase he knows ye'll believe any thin', he stops at nothin', jist to make ye think what a power he knows; although, afther all, the half iv id's his own invintion, holy as he 'purtends to be.' 'Lanty,' says I——" "Garrett, if you don't come to your business with me, I must leave you both to sleep upon your bets, for this night at least."—"I'm jist done, yer honour, in three minnits—'Lanty,' says I, 'I'll not be the man to hear Paddy Dimnick run down,' says I, 'behint his back—he's my gossip,' says I, 'an', any how, it would ill become me to hear 'im klum-niated an' 'imself not to the fore,' says I; 'an' in re-

\* Litany of the Virgin. † Prayer for the Dead.

gard iv the *theaddhan wurrah*, ye know, as well as I do,' says I to him back again, 'that it is in our Bible, an' that they wouldn't let it into theirs, jist like the McAbees, as Paddy says.'—'No such thing,' says he.—'Well, I'll tell you what it is, Lanty,' says I, 'I've ten shillin's in this *spleuchan*, and I'll hould ye every rap iv them this minnit that I'm right.' So, Sir, he hadn't the money, but he offs wud his new frieze big coat, and downs wud it on the spot, an' we're now come to ax your honour who won; be-kase Lanty says that you have a Dowy Bible, and can tell us as well as any body." "Why, Garrett, this Paddy Dimnick seems to be an oracle with you; upon this occasion, however, you have lost ten shillings by relyng on his authority; for most assuredly Nolan is right, and you are wrong.—Is Nolan below?" "He is, Sir, in the hall." "Well, bring him up." When he came up, "Nolan," said I, "you did not act the part of an honest, conscientious man on this occasion; and I would have expected better from you than to make a bet, which from your acquaintance with the Scriptures, you knew you must win; it was, in fact, taking an unfair advantage of his ignorance; you must, therefore draw your bets both of you, and never let me know either of you again to have recourse to such a senseless mode of terminating a dispute, for I have always found that he who expects to win the bet is sure to lose the argument." "Hut! I had no notion, Sir, of insistin' on the bet, at all at all," replied Nolan, "for I only made it to show 'im what depindance is to be placed on any thing that ignorant knave, Paddy Dimnick, sez—ay, an' he wanted, sir, to widger ten shillins' more that you had been tryin' to convart Paddy an' Father Butler, an' that Paddy gave you the greatest sackin' that ever wan man gave another in his own house, before all his labourers; that he dum-founder-

ed you eompletely, and didn't lave a word, Sir, in yer cheek." I could not help smiling at the version which had gone abroad of my interview with Mr. Butler and Dimnick. "Did Dimnick tell you this?" I inquired of Garrett.—"He didn't tell it to *me*, Sir, but I hear 'im tellin' it to a ring iv iz at the chapel; he sed, Sir, that he took you at the beginnin' of Jinneysins, an' went an' to the very ind of Rivvillations, an' that you wurn't able to stick up to 'im, or to go into id wud him by any chance, an' I never knew 'im to tell a lie, Sir." "Yes," subjoined Nolan, "an' he said that the priests bet the Bible-men at the meetin' the other day, an' that the Bible-men took to their heels when they had nothin' more to say although Father Driscoll's own nevvvy, an' the makins iv a priest 'imself, sez, that it was the priests themselves that got nettled, when they were bate in the argument, an' that instead of arguin' soberly, they went outrageous, an' spoke to the people, an' egg'd them on; an' that the people got mad when they seen the priests baten, an' were goin' to ill trate the Bible-men, an' that *then* the Bible-men had to escape over a wall to save their lives." I then desired them to withdraw, after having informed Garrett that his champion Paddy Dimnick and I had no *argument* whatever, and that every thing he heard to that effect was founded only in Dimnick's own imagination. "You must draw your bets," I added "and in future have nothing more to do with wagering in your disputes; but that you may have a better mode of ascertaining the truth, I shall to-morrow deposit with you, Nolan, a Protestant and a Doway Bible, which you may read and compare together, for such of my labourers and tenants as wish to satisfy themselves as to what tenets of their creed are in the word of God, and what are not; they can see also the difference between the two versions." Both

seemed pleased with this decision, and admitted that it was perfectly fair and just; but there was something highly amusing in the shock which Garrett's faith in Paddy's infallibility had received by finding him detected in an untruth. He did not seem, however, to be perfectly convinced, but persisted in speaking upon the subject hypothetically:—"Well now, yer honour," said he, lingering a little behind Nolan, and looking sheepishly into the bottom of his hat, which he held with the leaf of each side crumpled in his hands—"I declare, *if* that be true iv Paddy, I don't know what to say—had ye ne'er a word at all wud 'im, Sir?"

"Not a word, Garrett, of religious discussion—not a syllable."

"Well any how that bates Banagher—after that I'm asy—that is, *if* every thing comes out that way, yer honour—not doubtin' what *you* say, Sir, any way—bud if there's no mistake, or any thing"—pausing—"I don't know," turning his eyes from his hat to the opposite corner of the ceiling, and seeming to transfer his attention to the figure of a lion rampant in the stucco-work, which, notwithstanding Tom's sagacious scrutiny, was very well done,—"*it's* very odd, Sir, sure enuff—that is, *if*—but may be ye wudn't be willin', Sir, bein' a man of larnin', to have it known that Paddy thrash'd ye—but, yer honour, I would never mention id."

"Go home, Garrett," said I, "learn to think for yourself, and do not pin your faith or opinions on the honesty and veracity of those who are as liable to sin and error as you are." He then slunk out quite crest-fallen and mortified at the stigma which had been cast upon the authority and character of his oracle Paddy.

The next morning I was with young Butler at the appointed hour. On driving up to the house I

was charmed with the beauty of its situation; it was one of those old tile-covered mansions which are so rare in this country, and when peeping above the trees, in whose bosom it lay, it filled the mind with a sense of sober comfort and repose which richer and more splendid edifices fail to convey. Behind it rose a green hill, or knoll, crested with a coronet of trees; and a little to the right lay a deep glen, which developed its windings with great natural beauty: it was wooded on each side with oak and ash, that in some places intertwined their branches across it, and formed a shade which no strength of the sun could penetrate; this was on one side the boundary of the park, which was small. From the front, and to the left of the house, the lawn melted into a fine expanse of fertile plain, which was studded with clumps of beech, and only divided from the lawn by a gravel walk and a rustic palisade. The public road passed a few fields from the house, which commanded a fine view; and as it was then the busy season of autumn, the appearance of the yellow fields was delightful, and the heart felt gratified in contemplating the *boons*\* which were scattered over the face of the country, engaged in the agreeable labour of reaping. The thin, shining haze, too, which is peculiar to that season, gave an air of joy and happiness to the scenery; and the appearance of the horses, cars, and embrowned hay-makers, that were busy conveying to the haggard the sweet-scented hay, gave something animating and picturesque to the whole landscape.

When I arrived, I found Mr. Butler in the parlour, reading. His father had not then returned from his usual walk, and the son, after welcoming me with

\* A *boon* is a number of men occupied at the same labour.

a cordiality which I felt to be sincere, told me we would have time, he thought, to look over the grounds, or see the garden, which he said was better worth seeing than I might anticipate. Just at this moment his father returned, and he introduced us to each other. I never in my life beheld any aged man whose personal appearance impressed me with stronger sentiments of veneration and respect. He was, like the son, tall, and in no degree bent with his years; though slender and feeble, his erect, commanding person, and the highly intellectual cast of his pale features, gave an uncommon air of dignity and thought to his face. These, however, were tempered by the same peculiar sweetness of expression which characterised the countenance of the son; his hair was thrown back from his forehead, and fell down in snowy ringlets on his shoulders. When he came in, the son took his hat and cane, and hung them on two brass hooks, which I could perceive were used for that purpose alone: he then changed the old man's shoes, the latchets of which with his own hands he lifted on his feet, lest in his walk he might have sustained any injury by the damp. The father, though clear and intelligent in conversation with strangers, was nevertheless habituated, by the force of affection, to a childish simplicity of manner towards his son, which any man unacquainted with their domestic life and the loneliness of their situation, would have thought inconsistent with the courteous and reasonable tenor of his conduct to others. At breakfast he knew not the degree of sweetness or the quantity of cream necessary to mellow his chocolate until the other pronounced it right, for even the functions of his own senses he surrendered, in these heart-fixing attentions, to the tenderness of that loving and beloved son. When breakfast was over, the old man said,

"James, as you will be engaged with this gentleman for some time, I will stroll down to the reapers, and you may expect me in a couple of hours; but, James, when I return, if you be still engaged, I will not disturb you." "Very well, my dear father," said the other, "I will not stir out till your return." As the old man was going out, the son observing the pin which fastened the breast of his shirt to be loose, went over and adjusted it himself—he then got his father's hat and cane, helped him on with his gloves, and settled the white locks in their proper position on his shoulders. During all this time the good old man stood with an air of that tender passiveness which rests upon the countenance, and renders us so amenable under the touching offices of sympathy and affection. When he was prepared for his walk, he turned round, looked upon his son—it was with a smile of pride—but there was a tear in his eye, which he wished to conceal, but could not. "God bless you, James," said he, addressing the son as he went out—"God bless you, my dear"—but his voice lost its firmness whilst pronouncing these words.—"Alas, Sir," said he to me, in a tone which was inaudible to the son, on whom his eyes were then fixed, "you see I will not have him long; but I have one hope, and that is, that I myself may go before him, and not live to feel what his loss would occasion me to suffer." When he was gone, I followed young Butler to his study, which was small, but neat and well furnished with literature. As soon as we were seated, he gave me the following account of himself, which I write nearly in his own words:—

I have first to premise that there is nothing surprising or romantic in what I am about to relate; so that if you expect an extraordinary story, you will be much disappointed. I had four brothers and

one sister, all of whom are now no more. I am the youngest but one of my father's sons, and now the only male survivor of this branch of the family; my younger brother and myself were the only two who lived beyond childhood, the rest all died young. The family estate is between seven and eight hundred a year; my brother was destined for the church; I, as the elder son, was heir to the property, and intended for no profession. My brother and I were both educated at a seminary—some call it a college—conducted by a celebrated religious society, that settled lately in one of the most fertile and beautiful parts of Ireland; they have since their settlement there established another colony or two in other parts of the kingdom. Adjoining my father's estate, lived a Dr. Upton, a surgeon of much eminence. He was an amiable and charitable man, who, in the exercise of his benevolence, made no distinction between Catholic and Protestant. This gentleman and his lady, who was every way his equal in Christian charity and benevolence, had only one child, a daughter—the same, over whose grave you have seen me shed the tear of bitter, bitter sorrow. Our parents were on terms of the closest intimacy—there, you can see the doctor's house immediately from the window, a little to the right of the second clump of trees beyond the paling. Had the doctor been like many men of his profession, he could have realised by his extensive practice a handsome fortune; but besides his profession he had an independent property, and as his family was not large, his skill and practice, were not bestowed so much in the expectation of realising a fortune, as with the intention of fulfilling a duty—a duty which he thought, and I believe justly too, was incumbent on him, as a Christian physician, whenever poverty and sickness required his assistance. Ellen Upton



and I were companions from our childhood—she was one year younger than I, but as her father and mother were uncommonly liberal in their opinions, my parents, who certainly did not believe that it was possible to be saved out of their own church, conjectured that if a matrimonial union were to take place between us, there would be no difficulty on my part to bring her over to our faith, and thus secure the salvation of one of the family; they, therefore, not only encouraged the growing attachment which they saw between us, but spoke to Dr. Upton on the subject of our marriage. His consent was immediately given; and from that period, Ellen Upton and I began to look upon our union with each other as certain. Just at this crisis the typhus fever got into our family, and in a short time my brother was attacked by it with such violence, as rendered his recovery hopeless—alas! our fears were too just; he fell a victim to it in his nineteenth year, after he had been for some time prosecuting his studies in the seminary at C——, with the intention of entering the church, and embracing the religious order of the members by whom we were educated. This was a severe blow to my parents, and indeed to myself, to lose the companion of my childhood and youth; but judge of their affliction, when they saw me, on the very day on which my brother's body was committed to the grave, laid upon the bed of sickness, by the same dreadful malady. Their situation was now indescribable. It was not grief, but distraction which they felt; I was now their last and only child, and as the virulence of the disease became progressive, and the probability of losing me greater, their distraction sunk into that stupefaction which swallows up the keen consciousness of ordinary sorrow. There was in the seminary at C——, which was only a

few miles distant from my father's, a clergyman named A——, who was second to the superior of the establishment in authority. He had accompanied my brother home during the vacation, for he usually made us an annual visit at that period. This gentleman was with us during his illness, and at his death, and as he had studied medicine as well as divinity, a circumstance very usual among clergymen of his order, his presence was a great support to us in that afflicting crisis.

He paid every attention to my brother—gave him his medicine with his own hands—reasoned with, comforted, and supported us under our affliction—and, in fact, left nothing undone which could be expected to proceed from a genuine Christian spirit. During my illness he was equally solicitous and attentive, and when my parents became incapable by the greatness of their affliction to take any part in the conduct of their own affairs, he was always present to see every thing right, and as it ought to be. He was a man rather advanced in years, of a meek, mild, and placid demeanour; his countenance remarkable for the impression of benignity and innocence which it conveyed, and an appearance of total unconsciousness, that there were in this world men governed by villany and deceit. His whole person, dress and all, corresponded to this—for instance, his small-clothes generally wanted a button or two at the knee—his cravat was always tied round his neck as if he had a sore throat—and the knot, which was peculiar to himself, was sure to work itself round until it settled under the left ear—sometimes there was one side, sometimes another, but never both sides of his shirt collar up at the same time. His old-fashioned waistcoat, too, was sure to be embrowned with snuff, and its flaps, in the lowest extremities of which were two large

pockets hung down nearly to his knees. His coat was in keeping with the other parts of his dress, for the pockets behind were cut so low, that it was puzzling to think how he was able to get his hands to the bottom of them. He was a remarkable connoisseur, too, in darning and sewing, but paid little attention to the colour of his thread, a fact which his own black stockings embossed with stitches an inch long of an opposite colour, and an occasional rent in his gown, run up with bleached thread, very plainly proved. He was, in short, a man whom you could associate with no idea but that of the most perfect and child-like simplicity; yet there was not a quarter of the world in which he had not travelled, and few modern languages which he could not speak.

The fever with which I and my brother were attacked was violent from the beginning, and of very long continuance. At length I became, if possible, worse than he had been, and my father and mother were the objects of the sincerest pity. My medical attendant was Dr. Upton, and never did any physician feel more heartfelt solicitude for the recovery of a patient than he did on that occasion. One evening, when I was apparently past hope, he came as usual to see me, and after having examined my state very closely, he turned into the parlour, where my father and Father A—— were sitting, in expectation of his last opinion upon my recovery. "Doctor," said my father, "in one word do you think he'll live?" "Mr. Butler," said he, "I cannot equivocate, under any circumstances, much less now—you have asked me will he live—that you know, my dear Sir, is certainly in the hands of God, with whom nothing is impossible, but as far as my opinion and practice enable me to judge, I should think he will not." As he uttered the latter sentence, my mother

came in. My father clasped his hands in despair ; but did not speak, and my mother was so much affected by the intelligence, that she sank powerless on the sofa ; she did not, however, become insensible, but her lips got parched and whitish—her features became set, and the perspiration fell in drops from her face. The Doctor wet her lips, and applied salts, which revived her. He then addressed them in the most soothing and affectionate terms upon the necessity there was for resignation to the divine will under a calamity so severe and trying. “We, my dear friends,” said he, “would not know ourselves if we were not tried, and what are all calamities but the test of our faith and obedience?” “Oh doctor,” exclaimed my mother, “what you say is true and right ; at the same time it is impossible not to feel a heart-breaking excess of anguish for such a loss. Oh ! may God strengthen and support us under it!—what—what would I not give to have my child restored to me!” Father A—— now fixed his eyes upon her countenance, then turned them on the floor, and mused for some time, as if struck by some sudden thought. “Mrs. Butler,” returned the doctor, “you yourself, I am sure, know your duty, or if you do not, Mr. A—— here can clearly point it out, and strengthen you in its performance. I may assure you, if it will give you any comfort, that the worst anticipations of medical men sometimes prove groundless, and may God grant that mine be so in this instance.” He then withdrew, after having promised to call in the course of that evening. I must remark here, that during the whole day Father A—— watched the progress of the fever with intense interest, being scarcely a moment from me. When the doctor was gone, he came to me again, examined my tongue, felt my pulse ; and then took a turn or two across the room

apparently absorbed in reflection. He again returned to my father and mother, who were inconsolable. "My dear friends," said he, "the ways of God are dark and mysterious, and it often happens that afflictions like this are laid on certain individuals whom he wishes to be devoted to himself:—some of our brightest saints, even those who have borne testimony to the truth of the Catholic faith by the performance of the most illustrious miracles, have been devoted to God, when on the bed of sickness, by their parents, their guardians, or themselves. Are you both ready, *now* to devote this boy to the Lord, if, through the intercession of the mother of God, he should be restored to you? Answer me speedily, for the time is short." "If it shall please God," said my mother, "to leave him with us, that is enough; if God will in mercy prolong his life, surely that life ought to be devoted to him."—"By his devotion to God," replied Father A——, "I mean that you must dedicate him to the priesthood of our church; you must promise for him that he shall take orders, and help forward every object calculated to promote the welfare and prosperity of that church, as far as lies in his power." It is not to be supposed, Sir, that circumstanced as they then were; enervated in mind and body, and worn down by grief and affliction, they would refuse to grasp at any proposal likely to hold out the slightest hope of my recovery. My father indeed told me afterwards that he made some objections against the propriety of dedicating, in such a manner, any reasonable being without his knowledge and consent; but Father A—— and my mother both assailed him together, and indeed his affection for me ranged itself on their side. The result, therefore, of the conversation was a solemn vow made by both my parents, that they would dedicate me to the priest-

hood, and cause me to fulfil all the other objects then specified by Father A——. When the vow was made they knelt down together, and performed a certain service to the Blessed Virgin, for the purpose of employing her intercession with God to effect my recovery. When this was over, Father A—— again came to my bed, felt my pulse and my skin, and seemed in a very anxious and ruminating state of mind. Things went on in this manner until Dr. Upton's next visit, which in consequence of the typhus fever being prevalent that year, and the great number of patients he had to attend, was not until late at night. The moment he felt my pulse, he turned to my mother, and told her to raise her heart to Him who layeth not on his creatures a burden greater than they can bear.

"Your son, my dear Mrs. Butler," he said, "I trust will be spared to you—the crisis of his malady is past, and every day will find him better."

The joy and gratitude of my parents now, if possible, exceeded their affliction. As soon after this happy intelligence as they and Father A—— were alone, the latter addressed them thus: "I am almost afraid, my dear friends, to speak upon this extraordinary circumstance, which we have witnessed with our own eyes; I am indeed almost afraid to speak upon it. Mr. Butler, your son is destined for something uncommon in the sacred office to which you have devoted him. You both, however, owe a debt of gratitude to the blessed queen of heaven, through whose merciful intercession this miraculous recovery has been effected—for less than miraculous, when I consider the vow and its immediate consequences, I cannot call it. The way in which you shall pay that debt, it is not for me to point out to any one living in a country where we are struggling with a heresy which has usurped our place, and

striving in the midst of our poverty, to plant a Christian colony here and there, in secret and in silence, with a blessed hope of contributing in some degree to replace the church in her former power. No, my friends, I will leave that to your own consideration—but I will tell you that you both have much to do yet. There is, first, the boy's own inclinations: they must be subdued; he is attached to the girl, and so is she to him; and perhaps there may be an influence exerted in another quarter; most parents indeed in their situation would naturally wish such a thing, it would be establishing her well in life; certainly; still these must all be guarded against; and please God, so they shall. You have made a good vow, and God has set his seal to it; has fulfilled in some degree, even now, his part of it. You will surely perform yours, lest perhaps he, in his anger, might punish you for your omission, by taking away your son in some other, and more afflictive manner."

They then performed what is termed a *Litany* to the Blessed Virgin, as a thanksgiving for the mercy obtained through her means. As soon as I was perfectly recovered, Father A——, whom my father would not permit to leave us until he assisted in reconciling me to this change in my plan of life, advised my parents to have the whole matter laid before me, that I might learn the awful duty which I owed, not only to them, but to God; after that, he said it would be proper to break the matter to the doctor's family. In a month or six weeks I was well, and ever since my recovery, the impression remaining on the minds of my father and mother was, that there was something in it mysterious, if not altogether miraculous; and this compelled them to look upon the completion of the vow they had made as a duty, which to neglect would be mocking

the mercy of the Almighty. Considering it as they did in this light, it is not to be wondered at, that authority and entreaty were both resorted to, with every other means likely to induce my compliance with their intention. I was not present either when the matter was laid before Dr. Upton or intimated to Ellen; because I openly asserted that it was a sacrifice, as unreasonable as it was irreligious, and founded upon an opinion of the character of God, derogatory from his justice and mercy. "I never will," said I, "become, nor suffer an innocent girl to become, the slave of a vow founded upon an arbitrary and tyrannical principle; for what authority," said I to Father A——, who was then pressing the matter upon me—"what authority has one individual to usurp the right of thinking for any reasonable being who is capable of forming an estimate of his own happiness? But a few weeks ago, and my union with that most religious and amiable of girls had the sanction of both our families, as well as of our own hearts; and now to snap asunder, so cruelly and so barbarously, ties which ought to be held sacred, from an absurd notion that God effected my recovery, because a vow was made for me of which I was then ignorant; a vow founded upon injustice and an abuse of parental authority in those who made it, and on misery in those whom it would affect. No, Father A——, nothing can be pleasing to God which is incompatible with the peace and happiness of his creatures."

"Well, well, my dear," he replied, "your passions are violent now, but they will gradually subside, so be calm, if possible. Is Miss Upton a *religious* character then?" he inquired.

"Ask the sick, the poor, and the ignorant of the neighbourhood," I replied—"search the obscure



cottage, remote from the eye of the ostentatious giver, and you will know her value."

"Indeed, James, your trial is difficult, my child—but at your age, and with your experience, you cannot possibly put your judgment, in what concerns your welfare, against the wisdom and experience of a father who loves you too well to propose any thing which is not for your good."

"But do you say, Father A——, that this is for my good? to wrench my heart so violently from an object, the rational love of which is sanctioned by God and man; is this for my happiness? Is it not, besides, both criminal and impious for any man to dedicate himself *externally* to God, under restrictions so peculiar as those which bind a priest of our church, whilst his heart is fixed upon another object? Is this right, my dear Sir, or ought you to encourage it?"

"How easy it is, James, for passion to find arguments to justify what it wishes to accomplish—and how seldom does it look beyond the prospect of immediate enjoyment! But I agree with you that nothing can be acceptable to God which is founded upon the misery of others; yet the attainment of what your heart of flesh is fixed upon, must produce lasting misery to your parents; and it is for yourself to consider whether you owe them more than you do to Miss Upton or her family."

"I trust I have never been found disobedient to my parents," I replied; "but surely, Father A——, it is unjustifiable in a parent to exact the obedience of his child at the expense of his happiness?"

"Do not call it happiness, my dear; why, James, you run into such fluency upon this passing inclination between you and Miss Upton, that one would think you had read a love-book, or a novel, as it is called; but do not term a momentary gush of feel-

ing like this a loss of happiness; it is, I grant, a transient pain; but it will die of its own violence; believe me it will pass away sooner than you think; and ere long you will be able to smile at that mighty tide of passion which overwhelmed your boyship. Tut, James, be manly, and don't pule like a woman in this manner. Have you got a needle about you?"

I could not help smiling at the abstraction which could permit him to ask me, *then*, for such an instrument.

"No, Sir," I replied, "I have not, I never carry such a thing." "Well, try your father, there he's in the hall." "It would be equally useless, my dear Sir, to ask him for one." "May be he has a scissors." "I can vouch to the contrary," said I. "Well, then, go to Susy, for me, and tell her to send me—stop I have a needle myself—I only want the thread and shears; tell her to send me the thread and shears." I was accordingly obliged to drop the train of thought, and to suppress those feelings for the moment which concerned my happiness so deeply, to run upon this ridiculous errand, and I have acknowledged since; that the management of those sentiments which materially affect our happiness depends very much upon little ingenious stratagems like this. I knew not how it was, but I felt, after presenting him with the vile scissors and thread, an awkwardness in defending myself, which for a while tended to make every thing I said lose its effect. "James, my dear, you know as well as I do that the church commands filial obedience as a necessary duty: for there is no case where disobedience to a parent is justified, except where the command of the parent is contrary to the precepts of the church—but here that is not the case—so that you have no excuse. Besides, this is a spiritual matter, and obedience in spiritual mat-

ters, and indeed in all matters to those who have an interest in our spiritual welfare, is the first mark of a Christian. It is the principle on which Christ, and after him his Apostles, established his church, and the one on which that church has uniformly acted." "But that," said I, "has nothing to do in my case, for you must grant"—"Cut that thread for me with the scissors," said he—"Yes, James, it is want of that Christian virtue which has filled the world with heresy and schism. Its opposite vices are contumacy—obstinacy; and wherever it is not, they are sure to be." "I believe what you say, Sir, to be correct," I replied, "but the obedience you speak of supposes that no injunction shall ever be imposed on man contrary to the laws of God and the welfare of society." "A fine observation, James—a fine observation, indeed, and worthy of the opinion I entertain of you: but we are talking of spiritual things, and to meet the force of your just and ingenious remark, I have only to remind you, that such a supposition is perfectly applicable to *our* church, and to ours *alone*; for the church, James, that cannot err, can issue no command contrary to God's will." "Nor to his word," I added. He here gave me a smile of peculiar benignity, resting his eye upon me with that expression which dilates the countenance of an indulgent father, when a favourite child has uttered something indicative of extraordinary genius. "But," he continued, "although to exact obedience in spiritual things be a just prerogative in a church that is infallible, yet it is one to which *no other* church can lay claim—that is, any *just* claim." "Does it not happen, however," I inquired, "that the circumstances of life, and the relations of society, make it exceedingly difficult for an individual to draw the line of distinction between a *temporal* and a *spiritual* duty? In that case, as

the opinions of the church cannot be consulted, or if consulted, cannot apply to those subordinate and ever-varying modifications of human condition, against which no wisdom of man can possibly provide, is it not necessary that some *acknowledged* standard should exist within the Christian's reach, to guide him in such a predicament?"

"You are young, my dear, very young and inexperienced, or you might know that whenever obedience or disobedience in a *temporal* duty affects the security of any *spiritual* authority that is just and well founded—and this can be true only in the case of *our own* church—then that *temporal* duty becomes a *spiritual* one, and takes its character from the effect which its neglect or fulfilment might produce on *spiritual* things." "Then," said I, "the fact is, that according to that view, every duty, whether social or political, can be resolved into a spiritual one." "No, my dear, only where the objects of spiritual and temporal duties are opposed to each other; in that case, indeed they may, because the welfare of spiritual things, or, in other words, the glory of God and the security of his church require it." "I would understand you better by an illustration, Sir," said I. "Well, then, we will take the relative position and circumstances of this kingdom and Great Britain as the best we can find. For instance, there's the Pope, and George the Third"—"George the Fourth! Sir," I observed. "George the Fourth! bless me and so it is—but go first and bring me another needleful of thread, for this is out—this old gown is in a sad state, James, I don't think I'll get more than three years' wear out of it at most." His usual dress was a long black stuff gown over his other clothes. When I got him the thread he proceeded:—"Well then, there's His Holiness the Pope, and George the Third; now the Irish Roman

Catholics own an allegiance to both—that is, they owe a civil allegiance to George the *Third*.” (I saw it was to no purpose to set him right,) “and a spiritual one to the Pope; or, in other words, to the church, which he represents. Now, if it ever happens, and it *has* happened, that the exercise of the civil allegiance which they owe to the king, should directly tend to overthrow or essentially injure the power and security of the church, then the withholding that allegiance would become a *spiritual* duty. In that case, James, we would say that we must obey God rather than man.” “I thought,” said I, “that this principle was exploded.”

“Yes, for the present; but as you are fond of illustrations, like my good coat, it is only lying by: thank God, however, the principle won’t rot by length of time or disuse.” “But what,” said I, “if the public mind should happen to outgrow it?” “That, James,” said he, “is keeping up the metaphor, I grant: but we have come forward the other day, and declared that the Pope has no *temporal* authority over us—but sure the *spiritual* authority is the thing—for don’t you see, now how the withholding of our *civil allegiance* to the king could be resolved into a *spiritual duty* to the Pope or to the church. Protestants, however, particularly Englishmen, blunder this affair to our very hearts’ content, for they never see this, thank God, nor make the distinction at all.” “This, sir,” I observed, “in a national and political point of view, is a dangerous doctrine, I should think.” “May I never die in sin, but it’s a shame for Susy to keep such thread as this: for my part, I can’t sew this rent in my gown with it at all, it’s so rotten.—What’s that you say, James? why indeed there *was* some blood shed by it; but that was not the fault of the principle, but of those who refused to recognise it: at any rate, if

such an authority had not been conferred on the church, how could the Christian religion ever have been established under crowned heads that were opposed to its introduction among their subjects. It was therefore on this principle that the first converts acted, for had they obeyed the duties they originally owed, you know they never could have embraced the Christian faith." "Then," I replied, "such of them as did *not* embrace it bowed to the authority of the religious establishments under which they lived, and rejected truth from pre-existing prejudice; and such of them as *did* embrace it, asserted the liberty of thinking for themselves, and compared the truth of the Christian dispensation with that of their own former code. They first exercised their judgments and then decided—I think, Sir, that all this was very fair." I here received another smile and look so bland and approbative, that I set them down as the very *acme*, the *ne plus ultra* of suavity. "I think," continued I, "that if the obedience which you approve be founded on *that* principle, it commends itself to every rational mind." "Yes, James," said he, "but it was not exclusively on *that* principle they proceeded; for instance their departure from the authority which previously bound them was wrong in itself, and it was only the circumstance of the Christian religion being true, that constituted their merit. In the act, considered abstractly, of embracing a new religion and rejecting the authority of their own, they were *positively* wrong, but *relatively* right; therefore the act itself, I repeat, was improper, but the relation it had to the religion of Christ gave it *accidental rectitude*. You will understand this," he added, "by supposing that the religion of Christ which they embraced was not true; in that case, the error of despising authority appears at once, inasmuch, as they created disorder,

gave scandal in society, and probably brought punishment on themselves, in a matter where the distinction between the two opinions was but the difference between error and error. In that case, I say, the impropriety of despising authority is evident enough. But if we suppose that the religion which is embraced be wrong, and that which is rejected right, the evil of the principle, as a guide in human conduct, appears at once—for here not only all the temporal evils and disorders I have just alluded to are produced, but a spiritual loss, that of the immortal soul, the greatest that can be suffered, is sustained.” “But surely, Father A——, you do not mean to say that the religion of Christ justifies error in any circumstances, or that what is intrinsically wrong can ever become right by a connexion with divine truth, even if such connexion could be supposed? You admit that the first converts from heathenism were right in recognising an infallible spiritual authority in the church which they entered: yet you assert, that by the immediate act of loosening themselves from the bonds of their original condition, they were guilty of a positive error; and lastly, you say that the truth of the Christian religion gave that error rectitude and integrity!” “James, my dear, you are astray upon the question; you will recollect I spoke of the principle in the abstract—but I am not surprised that you do not understand it, for it is one of great difficulty—indeed it is the principle upon which the *just* not the *political* or supposed rights of princes and the security of the church depended; but, James, I hope you have given up the *study* of the Scriptures, as I desired you?” “I do not read them,” I replied, “as a study; but simply for edification and spiritual improvement.” “That, my dear, in the sight of God, is not at all necessary, for you know they should not be read indiscriminately, and con-

sequently the distinction between religious improvement and scriptural knowledge cannot be admitted; but your merit is still the same, inasmuch as you possess the *will* and the *intention*." "How is that?" I inquired. "Why, in some circumstances, James—will you thread this needle for me, and I'll not trouble you again, you see I'm just done, your sight is better than mine—in some circumstances, it happens that rectitude of *intention* cannot be carried into practical effect, without violating a regulation which is *right* from its relative position, or *right from expediency*; in either case the existence of the *intention* possesses equal merit in the sight of God—but remember, my dear, that with respect to the Scriptures your intention will be accepted, and that your obedience on this point is a greater virtue than your desire to edify yourself by their perusal." When I considered this morality closely, I felt strongly disposed to doubt its purity and correctness—in fact, I saw it was accommodating and equivocal, and might actually be applied to justify the commission of a crime as well as the performance of a virtue. But the man who advanced it was so artless, so mild and unsuspecting in his manner—the expression of his countenance was so innocent—his smile so benevolent—his temper so easy and indulgent—his old gown too was so harmlessly embrowned with snuff before, and so carelessly daubed with powder behind, that I felt it impossible to believe that a person of such innocence and simplicity could be conscious of the nature and tendency of such doctrines, and continue to advance them. The very rent in his gown, so untidily mended by his own clumsy fingers, in obstinate opposition to my father's offer of getting all his mischances of that nature repaired by a tailor—and the hole in his stockings, which he darned with stitches an inch long.



during the latter part of our conversation, helped to extinguish every inclination on my part to charge his heart with that dangerous and subtle casuistry which ran through his opinions.

I was now able to venture out, and the first thing I determined on, was to pay Dr. Upton's family a visit. As I myself had not hitherto given Father A——, or my parents, the slightest hope that I would ever fulfil their vow, I consequently, could not suspect, that any intimation of an intention to break the engagement which bound Miss Upton and me, would have been made by my parents to Dr. Upton. But I was mistaken; for this, through the medium, and at the suggestion of Father A——, had been already effected. When I went to the doctor's, I was shown into the parlour, where the doctor himself, who happened to be at home, soon came to me. On entering the hall, I caught a glimpse of Ellen as she ascended the stairs, and I thought she was leaning on her mother for support. When the doctor entered, I immediately observed that his manners were markedly different from what they had usually been; but he appeared to be a man more in sorrow than in anger. His reception of me was grave and polite; but every instance of his ceremony, chilled me to the heart. I inquired after Mrs. Upton and Ellen, and asked if they were within; the doctor glanced at me, surprised at the inquiry, and perplexed as to the reply he should make.

"Are you aware, Mr. Butler," he said, "of certain communications which we have received from your family?"

"No, Sir," I replied, "I am not aware of any communications that may have passed between you—although to speak candidly, as you say that such *have* been made, I think I can guess their import."

If their tendency be to prevent the union, contemplated between Miss Upton and me, Sir, they shall never have my consent; on that union my heart is fixed, and although it certainly rends my soul to act contrary to the inclination of my parents, yet even under the present circumstances, I do not think I am called upon to give up every rational prospect of happiness, merely to comply with an injunction, for which I think the Almighty himself has given no parent an authority."

The doctor heard me with calmness, and seemed relieved, if not affected, by what I had said.

"I will not deny," he said, "Mr. Butler, but that I am sorry, for the sake of my child, that the union between our families should be so unexpectedly interrupted; many men in my circumstances would not tamely submit to a decision so arbitrary, and, I will say, unjust, where the laws of the country are accessible to those who suffer by injustice: but I am sincerely glad to find, that you are not a party in it; yet even if you were, Sir, I should scorn to seek a mercenary compensation for the peace and happiness of my daughter—whatever she may suffer, or we through her, shall be borne, I trust, with firmness, if not with dignity."

"Dr. Upton," I replied, "I and Miss Upton are chiefly concerned in this matter; do you and Mrs. Upton continue your sanction to our engagement? I ask no more: I pledge myself that neither her happiness nor mine shall be sported with."

"After the repeated communications, Mr. Butler, which have been made to me through father A——, from your parents, I cannot, without meanness, permit an intercourse between you and my daughter against their consent—it is impossible; I have already acquainted *her* with my decision; I now inform *you* it is final, and I trust after this, you will

have too much honour to attempt it. Good morning, James, you know I have my patients to attend; excuse me, therefore, for putting an end to the conversation."

He instantly withdrew, and left me, after this most unexpected determination, in a state of mind very difficult to describe or conceive.

A few days afterwards, Father A—— came into my room, where, since my interview with Dr. Upton, I had spent the most of my time. "James, my dear," said he, "you were at Dr. Upton's the other day?"

"Yes, Sir," said I, "I ventured over that far."

"I saw the Doctor yesterday," he replied; "he is a very sensible, but a very proud, and I should think, a very obstinate man,—still I believe he is fair and rational."

"I always thought him so," I observed.

"I met him yesterday," he continued, "coming from poor M'Manus's—may I be happy, James, but you must get some coarse bits of meat and vegetables sent over to that man: the poor creature, now that he's recovering, will want something to strengthen him; he said yesterday, that he wished very much to taste a bit of fresh meat, and I told him I would speak to you about sending him some."

"Why, Father A——, he got meat yesterday morning."

"Yesterday morning! why then it must have been the day before yesterday I saw him."

"And every day for the last week, so that it is very odd if he could say such a thing. He told me, however, that you said about a fortnight ago, you would speak to me about sending him some nourishment."

"Well, well, I declare I believe I'll soon forget

my own name—and so it was sure enough then I promised him, and there was I putting the two days together, yesterday and that.”

“But, Father A——, you mentioned Doctor Upton.”

“Oh! true; I did so indeed, yes, he met me coming from M’Manus’s: I gave him the time o’day, and was passing, when he stopped me to say, that you had been over there: he then informed me of the conversation that passed between you and him, and added, that taking every thing into consideration, he thought matters were better as they are, ‘particularly,’ said he, ‘As my daughter bears it so well. I also wished, Father A——, to make my determination on the business appear as inoffensive as possible to Mr. Butler; but what is made, is made,’ said he, ‘and after the insult my daughter has received, no power on earth shall ever induce me to consent to their union;’ may I never sin, James, but I think they’re glad of it. Just as we were talking, Miss Upton and a well-looking young man passed us on horseback—he was in a military undress—she’s an interesting girl enough, but I don’t like too much spirits, nor too much rantipole mirth in a young woman, so I don’t.”

“Why, were they mirthful?” I inquired.

“Ay, mirthful enough, but I could indeed allow them a laugh at my old gown; for God knows, I trust I’m above resenting such trials; but I don’t like mirth itself, except in moderation;—no, God forbid I should not be able to bear that rub—I have borne much more in my time, James, and so I would fain have told that scamp of an officer, who, by the way, does not know how to sit a horse as he ought to do.”

“Are you sure it was Miss Upton?” I inquired.

“Indeed if he had seen himself, with a body on

him like an hour-glass, he wouldn't titter over his shoulder at me or my gown; nor did I expect Miss Upton would have—but no matter—I can bear it with patience, with Christian fortitude, I hope, and I would do so, if it were only to vex them.”

“It could not possibly have been Miss Upton,” I observed.

“But, bless me, I forgot, your mother is gone to bed, unwell.”

“What is the matter with her?” I inquired.

“Do you take a horse, and go for Dr. Jackson, as fast as possible,” he continued; “for I fear she has caught this complaint that is so prevalent.”

“My dear Father A——,” said I, “you are not serious?”

“I am,” said he, “you have not a moment to lose, I fear she has the cholera morbus.”

Although Father A——’s conversation had given me inexpressible uneasiness, amounting almost to anguish, yet, the apprehension resulting from so terrible a malady, occasioned a transition of anxiety not less afflicting. I went immediately to my mother’s room, and found her in much bodily pain; my father was sitting beside her bed in the greatest agony, for he loved her with uncommon tenderness. I lost no time in repairing for medical aid, which was soon procured, as Dr. Jackson was fortunately at home. On my way, however, I could not help reverting, despite of every other consideration, to the account of Miss Upton’s good spirits, which Father A—— had given me. Need I say that it sent daggers to my heart? for that she should bear an incident which plunged me into misery and anguish, with such indifference, if not good-humour, was a consideration which I could not endure. Then from the description given by Father A—— of the officer, I knew him at once to be a young

man of considerable expectations, who had been an unsuccessful suitor of Miss Upton's some time before. This aroused my jealousy and my pride. "Well," thought I, "if she can so soon forget the attachment which she avowed to me, I shall certainly endeavour not to be outdone in philosophy upon the occasion." When Dr. Jackson and I arrived at my father's we found my mother in an alarming state—so alarming indeed, that the doctor at once declared there were very slight hopes, if any, of her recovery. From the moment that my mother became ill, Father A—— paid her the strictest attention, as her religious director and confessor; and as death approached her, the terror of her unaccomplished vow seemed to hang, like the arm of Almighty vengeance, over her soul. I, myself, indeed, began to partake of the alarm for the pain she suffered, and the apprehension of being deprived of so gentle, affectionate, and kind a mother, softened my heart, and rendered me insensible to every other consideration. 'Tis true, I delayed my compliance as long as I thought there could be any hope of her surviving the complaint, for I wished not, putting Miss Upton out of the question, to bind myself with so rash and unreasonable an obligation. But the hour soon arrived, when the love I bore my mother overcame all my determinations against it. The third morning after her illness, I laid my head down on the sofa, for I sat up the night before, and was just falling into a slumber; when Father A—— entered in great agitation, to bring me to take my last farewell of my mother. I started to my feet in an instant, and accompanied him to her bed-side: I remarked when I entered, that she spoke thick, and was rapidly losing her speech. Father A—— pointed to her evidently in agitation, and began—"Rash and headstrong young

man—but no, James,” said he, checking himself, “I will not address you in that tone—listen to her whose voice you are about to hear for the last time.”

“James,” said my mother, “do not—oh? do not, as you hope for mercy, send me to face my God with the guilt of a broken vow upon my soul—Oh! my dear, you know not as I do, as Father A—— can inform you, the awful sentence that is joined to it. You have been an obedient child, and I will bless you with my last breath, even should I suffer centuries of burning pain through your disobedience—I have only a short time to be with you—perhaps only a few minutes—but, James, I am your mother, and if I was ever unnecessarily harsh to you, forgive me now—the mother that loved you so tenderly—whilst these lips that kiss you for the last time have breath to ask it.”

She spoke this at intervals, and with much pain and difficulty: but long before she concluded them, I wept bitterly. As she pronounced the last words she stretched her hand to me—I embraced her—pronounced the irrevocable vow, and in about fifteen minutes afterwards she expired. After her interment, Father A—— wrote to Mrs. Upton an account of the vow I had taken, and of the solemn circumstances under which I had taken it; he added, that I was preparing to enter the seminary of Maynooth, where, he said, it was determined I should prepare myself for that sacred office to which I had *voluntarily* devoted my future life. I did not see this letter when it was written; but I corroborated it to a certain extent, by setting out for Maynooth in six weeks afterwards, Father A—— accompanying me.

It was when I had been some time here, not pursuing my studies, but going through them with much indifference, that I had an opportunity of knowing

the pernicious folly of forcing young men into situations so different from any other into which a human being can enter. No sooner had grief for my mother's loss passed away, than my attachment for Miss Upton revived with redoubled force, and that which contributed to nourish it in my heart and memory, was the vow I had taken. The sense of restraint was now continually before me, and I am firmly persuaded, that had I been placed at a distance from Miss Upton during the period of my residence there, without being bound by this irrational and premature obligation my attachment for her would, through the influence of other scenes and pursuits, have probably died away. But as I said, this perpetual sense of restraint rose up before my imagination, and never failed to bring the image of her who was now for ever lost to me along with it. Neither were the melancholy gloom and silence of the place, nor the necessary solitude into which the students were driven, at all calculated to divert my imagination from the object to which it constantly turned. My time was, therefore, principally spent in contemplating the character of her over whose image my love brooded. Her tall graceful figure, her loveliness, the shade of her dark flowing hair, every particular feature, and every distinct beauty were dwelt upon with a minuteness of attention which I had never paid them before. Nor was her charity to the sick and poor, her patience in instructing the ignorant, nor her liberality in encouraging the industrious forgotten. Every virtue, charm, and grace that she possessed, became prominent in her character, and impressed me with a sense of her moral excellence and personal beauty incomparably greater than I had ever felt; although I believed until then that this was impossible. Those who are acquainted with the discipline of our Church



know, that I could not keep this state of my affections secret from my confessor, without being guilty of sacrilege. He of course was in possession of it, and this knowledge, joined to the unceasing melancholy induced by the existence of a strong but hopeless passion, contributed, through his want of judgment and indiscretion, to hasten the approach of the decline in which you see me. From the moment he became acquainted with the state of my mind, he never ceased imposing the repetition of prayer upon prayer, and fast upon fast, until my compliance upon these, and my observance of the other appointed abstinences, along with the sorrow which was preying upon me in secret, began to affect my health. The only consideration during all this time that ought to have had any weight in weakening the force of my affection, was that arising from the account Father A—— gave me of the young officer and Miss Upton. But this, without being strong enough to counterbalance the many tender avowals she had made me of a sincere and unchangeable attachment, was only sufficient to keep me in a state of anxiety and suspense, that had greater effect in undermining my health than the force of my passion itself. To entertain any doubt of what Father A—— told me was out of the question; his demeanour, during the relation, the simplicity with which he told it, and the harmless passion, into which he got against them in defence of his old gown—what he conceived to be the sly and severe hits he gave the officer, and his forgetting to satisfy me when I inquired if he was certain that it *was* Miss Upton—all laid my suspicions at rest, as to the truth of what he had mentioned.

When the first vacation occurred, I received a letter from my father, dated at the—— Seminary at C——. It informed me that he had been there

For some time on a visit, and that he was requested by Father A—— and Dr. G—— to ask me to spend the vacation with them. This was a mortifying arrangement to me, for I must confess that I would have given at that time the wealth of empires for an interview with, or even a sight of Ellen Upton. But it was to prevent this that I was asked to the Seminary at C——. Indeed I was surprised that my father had not sent me there, instead of to Maynooth, and a little before my setting out, I asked him why he preferred the latter place, seeing it was determined on that I should join the order at C——. "I have consulted Father A—— upon that, James," he replied, "and on the whole, we think it better, that is, more prudent, to educate you there than in Maynooth; they, of C——, are narrowly watched; you know besides, if you and I were dead, that those who have the next claim on the property are the *Wilsons*—and I do not wish that it should go into the hands of Protestants, whilst it is in our power to turn it to a meritorious use." During my vacation at C——, I saw nothing remarkable, except my father's rent-roll and the map of the estate, both of which I happened to observe in Father A——'s room. I passed the next year in Maynooth in the same manner as I did the preceding one, with this difference, that my health became worse, my unhappy passion more prevailing, and the whole state of my mind more morbid. The cause of this my confessor knew and whether or not he might have, in an indirect way, occasioned my being selected to receive orders the next ordination, I cannot say; but just a month before my vacation I was ordained. My health was now so ill, that immediate removal was judged necessary, and I accordingly returned home by the advice of the physician to enjoy the benefit of my native air.

Before I had been two days at my father's, I learned the hopeless state of Miss Upton's health; but judge of what my sensations must have been, when I heard in addition to this, that it was caused by her unhappy attachment to myself. She was, Sir, one of those meek, mild, uncomplaining creatures, who bear the stroke of affliction or the disappointment of the heart, in calm and serene silence. The grief of such is never loud, nor their sorrow clamorous: but there is a silent intensity of pain in what they suffer—a gradual, but imperceptible exhaustion of the spirit—a drying up of the springs of life, that withers them away, until like some beautiful apparition they disappear from the eyes that love them. Her attachment to me was involuntary—but she bore the disappointment arising from it with a silent fortitude, with which nothing but true and unaffected religion could inspire her. Her struggles against it were indeed unceasing; for she knew her duty and left no legitimate remedy untried to overcome it; but in vain, it seemed like destiny to fix her fate. I understood that, from the day of my departure for Maynooth, her spirits and cheerfulness wholly abandoned her; that she spent much of her time in solitary devotion, and was doubly attentive to the exercises of charity and benevolence.

As soon as I understood the melancholy nature of her situation, and saw that we were both the victims of a system—a new train of reflection was opened to me. I now began to examine that system and compare it with the Word of God, with unprejudiced reason, and the original intention of the Almighty with regard to man. I went from this to history—examined the condition of the Church, in this particular, before the Reformation; and the consequence was, that I discovered such a revolting and corrupt state of things, resulting from this

unnatural, unscriptural, and unreasonable obligation, that I began to question its authority as just or binding. It is not often that we are sent in quest of truth by the influence of our natural affections—but in this case mine happened to be on the side of both truth and reason. I was, therefore determined to continue the process of impartial investigation, not only on this point, but on the other doctrines of my own creed. The result of this was, a discovery of errors in it, that were antiscritptural and unreasonable. This examination did not occupy me long, for I compared them as if I were choosing between life and death.

One morning, shortly after my return home, I went out, as I usually did, by medical advice to take a walk for the benefit of my health, which was still rapidly declining. By an impulse which I could not check, I turned towards Dr. Upton's. I did not walk, however, immediately in front of the house, but took a path which led me behind a little grove that terminated the back lawn. I stood in the shade of the trees for some time gazing at the windows of the house, and examining the motions of such as stirred about it with an intensity of interest which none can understand except those who have felt such. At length I turned to retrace my steps, and on passing into a gravel walk that was obscured from my direct view by the angle of a hedge-row, I met her who was dearest to me on earth, within seven or eight yards of the spot on which I stood. At that time, Sir, I was nearly as pale and reduced in my personal appearance as I am at present. The moment I saw her, I became extremely agitated—my heart, I thought, would have absolutely palpitated through my very breast—she, on the contrary, appeared calm and collected. At that time she knew not that I was in orders. As I approached her she

noticed my agitation, and with a presence of mind and dignity peculiar to herself, stretched out her hand. "Mr. Butler," said she, "this rencontre between you and me is an unexpected one indeed; but as it has given me an opportunity of inquiring after your health and welfare, I do not regret it." I made no reply, but stood and gazed upon her pale and worn, but still beautiful features, with a degree of sorrow which rent my inmost heart. As I did not speak, she, to avoid the pain occasioned by my pause, continued—"Mr. Butler, I have not heard of your illness, and yet I am sorry to perceive that you have been ill—you are quite emaciated." "Alas! alas! Miss Upton," I exclaimed, "and is it thus I see you—you whom I left in all the bloom of health and youth—oh! Ellen, my dear," said I, forgetting ceremony in the tenderness of the moment—"you are gone, you are dying." She made no reply, but we here stood for a few seconds surveying each other's pale faces with a melancholy interest; and as our eyes met, the tale of mutual sorrow was soon told. "I know it—I see it," I exclaimed, "you are the victim, but not the only one—this, this, Ellen," said I, laying my hand upon my heart, "is also broken." "I thought, James," she replied, "at least I heard, that whatever you might have felt for me had passed away." "Alas! look at my wasted cheek," said I, "and then judge of what it cost me; an explanation, however, is due to you—and as this is the only opportunity I may have, for some time, I will now give it." I then related an exact account of the peculiar combination of circumstances which compelled me take the inexorable vow, and I mentioned in particular the death-bed scene with my mother. When I concluded she told me that an impression had been made by Father A—— on their family, leading them to conclude, that the obliga-

tion I imposed on myself was certainly preceded by reluctance and hesitation at first, but that after some time, I had decided voluntarily and without compulsion to embrace the clerical life. I was surprised to hear that Father A——, of whose love of truth and simplicity I had entertained so good an opinion, could have given so gross a misrepresentation of the whole matter. This brought to my recollection the story of the officer and Ellen's mirth, on a former occasion; I then inquired about it, and she told me that she recollected the incident, but declared that neither the gentleman in question, nor herself, took the least notice of Father A——. She rode out that day, simply in compliance with her mother's wish, as her health, even then, was beginning to decline. When I heard this, I recollected, for the first time, that Father A—— was a J——, and I instantly saw through the whole business. "The property," said I, "the property was his object. The rental and the map of my father's little estate were not transferred to C—— for nothing." The real cause of Father A——'s attaching himself to the family became now almost obvious. "Ellen," said I, "we have both been the victims, I fear, of wilful and deliberate deceit. I see it all, but I hope it is not too late—I trust we may still be united, should God restore us to health: for I will no longer be the contemptible slave of such imposition—neither blame my father, my dear, he too is a victim to the same delusion; but, with the blessing of heaven, I will yet undeceive him—my opinions latterly on religion have undergone a serious change."

"James," said she, "if your prospects in life are fixed, and only to be unsettled on my account, do not now change them—if you do, you must only experience another disappointment. My medical

attendants—for my father called in additional aid—have given me over, and with respect to myself, you do not now stand in the same relation to me in which you did. My affections and wishes now turn to my Redeemer alone, through whose blood I can lay claim to the hopes of that happiness in which there will be no disappointment. I would not now come back to earth—nay, what is more, James, I would not come back to you whom I *did* love—oh! I fear too well—were it even permitted me to do so.” “My dear Ellen, I know from my own experience,” said I, “that this despondency is inseparable from extreme weakness—do not talk, do not think so gloomily, for you will only give your complaint the greater ascendancy over you.” “Indeed, it is not gloom, James, but a serenity of mind, founded upon a rational view of my own condition and my future hopes; do not, therefore, ask me to mingle considerations with what I feel that would take my thoughts from heaven and fix them on earth.” “Far be it from me, my dear, to occasion you one pang of additional sorrow—but do not—oh, do not thus give up the hopes of life!” She gave me a smile that irradiated her pale features with a light which was surely from heaven. “Hopes of life, James—oh! if you could but conceive for a moment the inexpressible foretaste of glory which is within me—if you could know—and, oh! that your bed of death may be cheered by the same assurances!—if you could but know how my soul is sustained by the hopes of life—of that life where the heart will experience neither misery nor affliction—you would scarcely dignify an existence spent upon the pleasures of this world with the name of life.” “But, Ellen, my dear, you know that to use legitimate means for the preservation of our existence is a duty.” “Yes,” she replied, “I know that,

and I have done so as long as there was hope, because I knew what my parents should suffer; but now that this world and its objects have receded from my sight, a brighter world and brighter objects are before me—James, did you love me?" "Alas!" said I, in a burst of tenderness and sorrow, "can you doubt it, my dear, when you see me as I am, without hope or happiness for your sake?" "Yes, yes, I believe it, and I see it: now, James, would you hesitate to grant your Ellen a reasonable request?" "Any thing, my dear, even to life—every thing." "Then I beseech you by that love, to rest not until you realise, happily and fully, the promises of Him who redeemed us both—do this, and you will then know how wrong and guilty it is to fix your affections, so strongly as to destroy your health and peace, on any short-lived and perishing object: believe me, James, it is an abuse of those affections, an abuse which we have been guilty of, and for which we are punished; but I trust there is mercy in the punishment." "Alas! Ellen, I am not exalted above human passion and human weakness as you are; I feel, therefore, how hard it is to tear you from my heart. No, I confess I am not able to give you up!" "But will you," she said, "promise to comply with my request? you may consider it as the last I will ever make to you." "I will," I replied; "but tell me *how* I am to fulfil it." "I fear," she returned, "that I have exhausted myself a little too much—*go to the Word of God, be guided by that.* Do you feel me totter?" she then asked, for she had my arm, and we both were walking involuntarily towards her father's house. "No, my dear," I replied, "I observe no symptoms of weakness in you at present: but we are now at home, so you need have no apprehension." As we advanced to the steps of the hall-door, she became evidently weaker;



but she was able to get as far as a sofa in the parlour. Her father and mother were both there as we entered. She immediately sat down, and for some time was unable to speak. Her mother gave her a draught which she was in the habit of taking; and after she had tasted it, she seemed revived a little. She then reclined on the sofa; and, notwithstanding the agitation which I felt, I could not help admiring the inimitable grace and elegance of her form. She now closed her eyes: "father," said she, "I attach no blame to James; and, mother, he *too* is heart-broken." She then laid her cheek down upon the end of the sofa, and appeared as if falling into a slumber: for a few moments she repeated something to herself. She next called her mother, who went and asked her what she wished for: "kiss me, mother," said she, "I am going to sleep"—the mother stooped and kissed her. She then laid her head down again, saying very feebly, "How sweet—oh, how sweet are the hopes of my Redeemer's love!—how I long to be with my Saviour!" She then closed her eyes: a silence of some minutes followed this; for we spoke not, lest the noise might awaken her: but her father, after fixing his eyes upon her intently, went over and put his fingers upon her wrist—she was no more—her spirit was already among the just made perfect, rejoicing with God her saviour.

He was now silent a few moments, for he appeared to be deeply affected at this part of the narrative. During the pause, an impatient fumbling at the door intimated the intention of some person to enter, who was evidently not well acquainted with the handle of a parlour lock. At length, after some violent twists the wrong way, the door opened, and Paddy Dimnick, with a face charged with the most earnest importance, made his appearance. When

he advanced as far as the middle of the floor, he stopped, and surveyed us both with a look of cool penetration and curiosity:—"Why then now, gintlemin," he exclaimed, "bud that's quare enuff, any how, if wan wudn't think, so they wud, that yer thrying to convart one another either from the thrue faith to heresy, or from heresy to the thrue faith, I dunna which, yer *coggherin*\* here so quately together."

As he pronounced these words, he turned his eyes from Father Butler to me, and from me to Father Butler again, but at last he settled them on my countenance, with the confidence of a man who believed that he had caught me, as it were, *with the manner*, in attempting to proselytise the priest. The latter seemed displeased at the rudeness of his intrusion, but the natural mildness of his disposition prevented him from speaking harshly. "Paddy," he inquired, "have you any business with my father or me?" "Have I any business, Father James? arrah, thin it's myself that has business wud yer four quarthers, Father dear!" still keeping his eyes significantly fixed upon me. At length he says, "how do *you* do, Sir? I think ye have found 'im out?" looking and nodding towards Mr. Butler—"Yes, Patrick," I replied, "I thought the best way was to come to head-quarters, and I have accordingly done so—that, you know, is always the surest method of arriving at truth." "Hum—yes, if wan wanted id, id might—bud when we wish to lade others into arrer, id althers the case, I'm thinkin'—what's *your* opinion, Father Butler?" "You must speak plainer, otherwise I cannot give you any opinion," replied Father Butler—"on what subject do you ask it, Paddy?" "Why, Sir, whether wan man ought to

\* Whisping.

let 'imself be led by the nose by another in his religion?" "Most assuredly not, Paddy," the other replied; "'tis absurd to do so, and not only absurd, but it is sinful and degrading for a man to form his religious faith according to the opinions of others."—"Ogh, thin it's yerself that can do id, whin ye plase, Father Butler! it's you that could give it to them in style to the backbone itself—if ye warnt so mild and good nathured as ye are;"—"Give it to whom, Paddy?" the other inquired. "Jist to any swaddlin' Bible-man, Sir, (replied Paddy, thinking he had Father Butler still on his side,) that wud attempt to convart a man from the right ould faith to their upshart new lights." "Why, Paddy, has any of them been attempting to work a change in *your* religious opinions?" inquired Father Butler. "In *my* opinions!" replied Paddy, with a sarcastic smile of conscious security, "has any of them? well, if they have"—and he looked significantly at Father Butler, winking at him with the eye on that side of his head which he thought I could not see—"if they have, Father James, let them take what they got, any way—why, do you know, Sir," said he, addressing his discourse to me—"that a sartin gintleman that lives in this neighbourhood came to me one mornin', to thry to bring me over to the Bible-men." "I should think, Patrick," I replied, "that he was not very successful." "Why, Sir, he didn't do it, out an' out, at any rate, for I believe there's a little to be done still, ye consave." "I paid you a visit myself one morning, Patrick," I replied, "was it since that the attempt was made to bring you over?" "You, Sir," said Paddy, purposely misunderstanding me; "hut-tut, you mistake, Sir, that wud be the last thing a gentleman like you wud think iv;" he continued, however, still to throw a significant glance towards Father Butler, whilst the

tones of his voice became very ironical and grave—"Oh! no sir, I wouldn't even the likes of such a shabby thrick as that, to a gentleman so larned and high bred as you, Sir; I couldn't think iv *that*, at all at all." "Paddy," said Mr. Butler, "you asked me just now, why one man should let another lead him by the nose in religion; do *you* think such a thing not right?" "An' what for shud id be right, Father James, to allow any man," glancing at me again, "like ourselves to do id, as long as we have our clargy *for that purpose*?" "But, Paddy," said Father Butler, "are not your clergy men as well as others?" "Thrue for ye, Sir, I don't deny that; bud thin you see, they're our spiritual guides in religious concerns: for what signifies what *we* know, sure *we're* nothin' but the scroff o' the earth—bud our clargy, blessed be God, knows every thing for iz." "But," said I, "is not every man to render an account of the deeds done in the flesh, Patrick—and if so ought not every man to know the will of God as to what he ought to believe, and practise, and avow?" "Hem—ahem—thru, Sir," said Paddy, clearing his voice and turning himself round to confront me, like a man who was set for an argument, "what's that again, Sir? Oh, ay! now I persave id, but how will ye prove to me that we're *not* to obey our clargy?" "You should obey them," said I, "as far as their precepts agree with that standard by which they themselves will be judged as well as you, the word of God; but no farther." "But no farther, is id? that is as much as to say, that we ought to obey them only in *some* things; now dizn't all the world know that we ought to obey our clargy in every thing, otherwise what 'ud signify obadience, man, at all at all?" "And do you think," I inquired, "that you should obey implicitly everything a priest commands you to do?" "To be sure I do," he replied,

"an' why not?" "And suppose a priest," I continued, "commanded you to do something that you knew to be contrary to the will of God, how would you act?" "How wud I act—an' do *you* think that a priest wud ordher me to do sich a thing? or supposin' he did itself, he wouldn't do so wudout havin' good sound razons for id; razons that I cud know nothin' about, an' as to the will o' God, he knows that betther than you an' I both put together, I bleeve," he replied; I here involuntarily exchanged looks with Mr. Butler, who smiled in a sorrowful manner at the degrading nature of the religious views entertained by such as Paddy. "You know, Patrick," said I, "the will of God is unalterable, and because it is so, the precepts of religion that command our obedience to it, and inform us what it is, are also unalterable; so that if a priest enjoins any thing contrary to it, it is not because *it* is changed, but because the priest violates his trust, and departs from that will."

"An' do *you* think, Sir," asked Paddy, "that the priest cannot change the will of God when he plases? do you think, now, that when a Christhan in the thrue Church is goin' to die—he has, may be, a great many sins to answer for, in coorse, an' may be hasn't; for ye see he may be ony in a state of vanial sin, an' in that case, if the priest's not convariant, he has ony to repate the act of contrition, an' the words, 'Jasus, Mary, an' Joseph,' fifteen times in honour iv the fifteen mystheries iv our Saviour, and if he can manage a Rosary to the blessed Virgin, it's betther still; but how-an-diver, as I was provin'—hem—don't you know, Sir, that when a man, even in a state of mortyal sin, wants the priest, an' can't get 'im, that he's damned, except he's a Scapularian, an' if he bees, he'll be tuck out of Purgathor by the Mother iv God herself, as the

'Scapulaar' sez, the first Sathurday afther his death; bud if not, down he goes to heretic hole, Sir, beggin' yer pardon, the warm counthry ye know—well, in that case ye see it's the will iv God to send 'im to the hot counthry, which I need scarcely tell ye, Sir, is not Scotlan'—bud if the priest comes to 'im, hears his confession, an' anoints 'im, or sez a mass over him, or even anoints 'im wud the blessed oil, the chrism they called; eh, Father James?"

"Yes the chrism," said Father Butler.

"Ay, I thought so, bud that's more nor every body knows, any how—well, or anoints 'im wud the blessed oil even afther he loses his speech, or while he's warm, then, Sir," he continued, turning round to me with triumph, "although God would have damned him wudout compunction, if he hadn't got the priest, yet ye see when wanst the priest diz what I sed, he'll go to heaven, or at any rate to Purgathor, which is next door by; bekase for all that the heretics say aginst Purgathor, wan iv them never had the pleasure iv becomin' acquent wud the inside iv id yet—for this good razon, that any man who goes there will be sure to get to heaven, afther. That's so much, Sir, for your sayin' that priests cannot change the will iv God—for though it was God's will to damn him before he got the priest, yet ye see it's his will to save him afther id—thanks to the priest for id." During this oration of Paddy's which was worthy of being classed with some others that we have heard in support of the same cause, Father Butler's countenance betrayed symptoms of sincere sorrow and commiseration; for, as he afterwards told me, he was led from such opinions to consider more closely than he had ever done, the deplorable state of brutal degradation in which the Romish peasantry are sunk, with respect to the character and spiritual power which they believe their priests to possess.

"Every priest," said he, "is absolutely a God, who they think could, if he wished transform a Protestant congregation into a flock of goats; and if you knew the local superstitions and traditions which the peasantry relate concerning the priestly power, you would weep to see humanity so far degraded, and ignorance so much abused and perpetuated;" but whilst he uttered these words, and whilst I surveyed his pale and languid features, I could have almost wept for the early loss of one who, had he lived, would by his talents and piety have been such an ornament to humanity and religion.

"That's so much," said Paddy, "for proovin' to ye that a priest can change the will iv God."

"Well, Paddy," said Mr. Butler, who could not vountarily offend the feelings of a child, "I certainly did not think you had so much to say upon this subject."

"Much to say, Father James, och thin af you were to hear me roused," said he, but checking himself and thinking it better to put on the cloak of ironical humility, which he wore with a bad grace—"tut, Father Butler, sure *you* know I'm bud a poor argurer—poor—I'm nothin' at all, at all—I can't touch them off, any way—not I—nor send them away with a flay in their lug, whin they come for to convart me of a sun-shiny mornin'," the swaddlin' thieves"—closing one eye, as he was in the habit of doing, whilst he peeped at me with the other, and burst into a most triumphant chuckle. I was determined, however, to reason with him as plainly and calmly as possible, on the idolatrous opinion he seemed to entertain of priests, and just had addressed a few words to him on the subject, when he rose up very coolly and said, "Father James, I want to spake wud ye, a little private, if

ye plaze, upon particular business,"—giving a seventh glance at me, whilst he shrugged up his shoulders like a man recovering from a hearty laugh at something very good of his own; the tears of delight were literally "standing in his eyes," as he himself would express it.

"Well, Sir," said he in a loud affected voice, as he was going to the next room, "good mornin' to ye; afther all, I hope ye wont be offinded at gettin' a trimmin' from me, for yer not the first that got one from Paddy Dimnick, as Docthor Story of C——k could tell if he wished, bud let 'im alone for houldin' his tongue as well as other people on that same point."

"Paddy," said I, a little nettled at the fellow's assurance, "you carry your own trumpet, at all events."

"Eh, don't I, Sir?" he replied with the most provoking good-humour and effrontery; "an' can blow id too when there's occasion, an' that's oftner nor my betthers can boast iv, or find use for wan if they had id, I bleeve."

He now retired, and Father Butler with him: the latter told me he would get rid of him in a few moments, and then resume the subject he had dropped. When Dimnick adjourned to the next room, he addressed Father Butler as follows:—

"Why then, Father James, bud that thief iv a heretic is comin' round ye, shure enuff—he wants to bring ye over to the Bible-men, ye see, the cunnin' swaddler: but, I'm thinkin' ye know how to thrate 'im."

"Why, Paddy," said Father Butler, wishing to hear his views on the subject, "how would *you* treat him?"

"How would I thrate 'im, is id? Why, I'll tell you what I would do, if I was you—I'd purtind to



thurn over wud him; an' whin he'd think he'd have me, I'd be workin' hard all the time; an', jist whin he'd be sure o' me, I'd have 'imself convarted, an' brought over in less than no time."

"Is that plan your own, Paddy?"

"Why, Sir, it's partly mine, an' partly Father Driscoll's that I tould it to." "Told what to?" "Why, about his strivin' to corrupt ye, an' make a heretic of ye." "And what did Father Driscoll say, Paddy?" "Why, he sed he'd write an account iv id, jist as I tould id to 'im, to Dublin; and that whin his brother-in-law, the mimber iv Parliament, would be offerin' 'imself at the next election, he'd rue it to the very gall." "Did Father Driscoll really say this, Paddy?" "Augh, an' may be it's he that won't do the thing in style, your reverence; well, Father James, there's only the shadow iv that man alive, the blessed crathur' that he is, an' it's he that hates a heretic as the devil—Holy Mother about iz—hates holy-wather." "And who informed you, Paddy, that he was trying to convert me?" "Tut, tut, your reverence, shure I knew id, didn't the thief o' the world, thry to corrupt myself, till I didn't leave him a leg to stan' on; bud I'll put ye up to 'im: do you," he said, in a low cautious tone, "purtind, as I sed, to thurn wud 'im; an' then along wud bringin' him over, ye can get an account iv the bribery an' corruption he uses, an' who gives 'im the money: for they say, he gets so much a head, ten ginneys, I'm tould for every proserlight—curse upon all their lights—that he makes." "And was it to put me on my guard you paid me this visit?" inquired Mr. Butler. "Why, thin, Father James, it was nothin' else indeed; that, an' to give you the hint I'm spakin' iv: and now that I'm wud ye, what makes ye be so fond of these black-hearted heretics, Father James, a-chora? Shure, the likes o' me need not tell one that's got your larnin'

that it's not right to let their breath near ye. Shure ye know yourself betther nor I can tell ye, that its unlucky both for sowl and body to have any call to them." "Paddy," replied Father Butler, "do you believe I wish you well?" "Why, Father James, shure ye needn't axe me sich a questin," said Paddy. "Well, then, Paddy, you know that my knowledge and learning are much greater than yours. I have made the nature of our religion my study. I have also made the religion which that gentleman in the next room professes, my study; and, Paddy, believe me, when I declare, as I hope for mercy, and this you know, I could not say, if I did not think it truth, that I find, on the most conscientious and impartial comparison of both religions, that the faith which he professes is the true, primitive, and scriptural faith; and that which you and I have hitherto followed, to be corrupt and full of error. Now, Paddy, be calm, and listen to me: suppose you go to a fair to buy a horse for your own use, would you not examine that horse from limb to limb? Would you not assure yourself, that he was sound; that his eyes, teeth, and wind were good, and that in short he had no blemish? Would ye be apt to take him simply and solely on the word of the seller, without examination at all?" "Ho! ho! let me alone for that," replied Paddy: "he wud be up arly that could do me that a-way, I'm thinkin'—although, to tell the truth, I bought that part iv my experience to the tune of fourteen ginneys more nor the ould thief was worth;—ould Fiddle-back, the decayed gentleman, Sir, if ye remember him; but I bleeve ye dont: for I think he was afore your time. I bought 'im from Friar M'Murtha, at fifteen ginneys hard goold. He tould me, God pardon 'im for id, any how; he now knows whether it was right to take in a young *bocaun*, as I was at that time;—he tould me there wasn't his likes

in the fair, that day ; an' shure enuff, there was'nt a taste iv lie in that, at any rate: for when I brought 'im home, thinkin' I had a prize, what wud ye think, but the cunnin' ould knave wouldn't work a han's thurn for me, nor let a car nor a creel on his four bones ; not a thing wud he do ; bud, if he got a saddle upon 'im, he wud jog about from house to house, through the parish, an' thurn up a lane wherever he seen a smoke, the ould thief, for he could smell bacon like a swaddlin' preacher : an' whin I went to the Friar, to see if he wud take 'im back and return my money—'you had betther not attempt puttin' 'im back on me,' says he, 'or maybe worse 'ill happen ye.' So, your reverence, I was glad to go home, an' say no more about id ; for they say the Friar could o' done any thing." "Now, Paddy, whether is the purchase of a horse of more importance or the salvation of your soul?" "Arrah, Father James, there's no comparishment at all, at all, atween 'em." "Well, Paddy, you would not buy a horse on the word of any man without examining for yourself; yet you will receive your religion on the word of a man who is a sinner, and liable to all the crimes and failings of your nature, without any examination!" "Bud, thin, your reverence, we recave our religion from our clargy ; and ye know they couldn't decave uz." "Do you know that they could not, Paddy?" "To be shure I do, Sir,—isn't the Pope infallible; and doesn't he give his power to the Bishops, an' the Bishops to the Priests? An' didn't I hear Father Driscoll 'imself, one night, after a station in my own house—why ye war there yourself, Sir, jist the time that ye came home awhile from Maynewth; it was the night he threw the tumbler iv punch in Billy Simpson's face, during the argument—didn't I hear him say, that 'all power was given to them on arth?'" "Paddy, do you believe the word of God to be true?"

"Why, thin, Father James, it would be an odd thing if I didn't. Don't you know I do?" "And how do you know it, Paddy?" "Why, Sir, bekase the clargy tells it to iz." "Well, that's a proof that the clargy themselves believe it to be true—is it not?" "Sartinly, Sir; that's as plain as a pitch-fork." "Well, then you grant that whatever is in this Book, and whatever it says is truth?" "Shure enuff, I do." "And whatever it condemns ought to be condemned and avoided; and whatever it declares and commands, believed and observed?" "Exactly, Father James." "Now, would ye not be surprised to hear that *that* word of God condemns many of the doctrines of your church, her ceremonies and observances; and, in very pointed terms, the habits and conduct of your clergy?" "Of our—he—hem—of our clargy, Father James? Bless my sowl, that's impossible, any how; don't they tell iz——" "It's not what *they* tell about *themselves*, but what the word of God, which they allow to be truth, tells you, that you ought to believe. Don't you know, Paddy, that when men talk of themselves, they seldom give themselves a bad character?" "Why, then, that's no lie at any rate." "Well, Paddy, I have said that the word of God condemns both them and most of the doctrines of our church; now could you be able to find out by your own ingenuity, why they are so unwilling to allow you, and every layman like you, to *read* the word of God?" "Not a wan o' me, Father James, bud has a poor head in some things: an' 'cept its for fraid iv id been known that they're on bad terms with that same Word, I can make neither head nor tail iv any other rason." "Well, that is precisely the reason, Paddy; and do you think if the doctrines of their church were according to the word of God, that the priests would not be glad that every one would read that Word,

in order that they might see how clearly it agreed with their church? would they not invite all the world to read it, that they might get true knowledge, and know their proper duties to God and their neighbour, and consequently become better men and better Christians?" "Well, Father James, yer goin' some how or other clear and clane again the grain wud me: an' somehow I'm at a dashort for an answer; ye appear to be right, bud I can't for the sowl o' me feel comfortable some way; I wud rather you wudn't argue that a way, at all, at all"—"Wait a little, Paddy, I have not done with you yet, but soon will—just listen to me. Every religion grants that the Bible of God is true—mark that." "I do sir." "Now, which religion do you think ought to be the better one; the religion that opens that book to all people, and invites them to come and try it by that word, and examine if the doctrines it teaches agree with it; or the religion that acknowledges its truth, and pretends to be according to it, yet will not allow the people to read it, or compare its creed with that book? Don't you think it looks rather suspicious for any church to hide it from her followers, when they wish to read it, that they may judge her by its contents?"

For some time before this Paddy began to discover that the chair on which he sat was very uncomfortable—he changed his position several times upon it—tapped the table with his fingers to the tune of *Shane Buy*, which he whistled to himself, and rubbed his middle finger several times along his eyebrows; in fact the old proverb, "There is none so deaf as those who will not hear," was beginning to be literally verified in him; during the latter part of Father Butler's remarks, he was engaged in retying the thong of his shoes, and when he had accomplished this, he viewed his feet to see that the

shoes were tight upon him. When Father Butler concluded, he started up and exclaimed, "Bliss my sowl, Father Butler, what o'clock is id?" "It's a little after twelve, Paddy, as you may perceive by the clock."—"Manum a yeah agus a Wurrah!" and me hasn't a word iv the office iv *St. Joseph* sed yit; God pardon me for neglectin' id!—Fathur, a hegur, I must be off; I hope Father Driscoll won't be severe on me for id, as it was wud you I was when I ought to be sayin' id."

He then departed; but in less than a minute returned with this shrewd observation:

"Father Butler, ye have been tellin' me a great dale entirely against the priests, an' our church, an' about the word of God. Now, what have I for the truth iv that same, but *your* word; an' wud submission, ye see there may be a mistake in what *you* say, as well as in what *ye* war spakin against."

"You see, Paddy, how readily you can doubt what I say, because it goes against your prejudices; but you are right to doubt it; and you should receive every thing touching your salvation with the same scruples, until you prove it by the word of God; but *I* desire you to read that word, and to judge for yourself; now go to Father Driscoll, and tell him you have your doubts of Purgatory, or of the use of scapulars and rosaries; and see if *he* will send you to the same test to prove to you that you are right; see if *he* will *permit*, much less *enjoin* you to read the Scriptures, that you may be satisfied of the scriptural character of all your religious belief."

"Why, what need I do that, when he made me burn the Bible that Blaney Irwin gave me, bekase it was a heretic book?"

"Paddy," continued Father Butler, "you have zeal, but it is not from knowledge. I myself felt

the same opinions, and entertained the same prejudices that you do now, but I have examined for myself; and now I perceive my former errors. St. Paul thought he was right when he went on his journey of persecution to Damascus; but when the scales fell from his eyes, he also saw his errors. The Jews, too, thought they were right when they crucified our Holy Redeemer; and all persons think themselves so until they examine opposite opinions, with a view of understanding which is right, and which is wrong. You see, therefore, Paddy, that there ought to be some standard that would show the people whether their religious belief may be truth or error, and whether they are in a sure way of working out their salvation or not. The Bible is this standard, given by God himself for the benefit of all his rational creatures, and they who keep it back from these creatures cannot be God's friends. You think a priest can do every thing. I tell you, Paddy, he can do no more, in the miraculous point of view in which you all behold him, than another man; and what is stranger than all you have heard, Paddy, a Roman Catholic priest is not an inch nearer heaven, merely because he is a priest, than a Protestant parson, as you deridingly call him. There are, Paddy, to startle you still more, thousands of both Romish and Protestant clergyman singing the praises of their Redeemer hand in hand before his throne. And with respect to the gentleman in the study there, I can assure you, on the word of a dying man, that so far from attempting to proselytise me, he has not once opened his lips to me upon the subject. He breakfasted here to-day at my request; and any allusion that may have been made to the subject of religion, was made by myself. But that is the way, Paddy, in which good, pious, and benevolent men, who have your sincere

welfare at heart, both in this world and the next, are traduced and misrepresented by falsehood and ignorance. Go home now, mind your business, read the Bible, and pray to God to guide you into truth, to enlighten your understanding, and change your heart, which overflows with the very gall of bitterness to every person who is not in your own church. Go home and do this, Paddy. I myself will see Father Driscoll, who, I am sorry to say, is not, I fear, what a minister of Christ ought to be."

When Father Butler concluded, his auditor rose, compressed his lips together, took his stout woollen hat, and walked out, muttering, "Oh! wurrah! wurrah! is id come to this at last! bud I knew when the heretics got about 'im, how it would be, or else id's thrue what they say, that he's not right in the head!"

When he was gone, Father Butler returned into the study, and related the conversation which the reader has already perused. He then closed his own narrative.

"After Miss Upton's death, Sir," he continued, "you may easily conceive what followed. She was an only child; and her death left her father and mother, who doated upon her with, I fear, a blamable excess of fondness, in a state of the most pitiable desolation and bereavement. As for me, I felt that my heart was broken, even before that event. After it, my health and remaining strength wasted away rapidly, and I was for a considerable time confined to my bed. While in this state, the ever-watchful and indefatigable Father A—— returned as he said, to console and sustain my father in this last and greatest stroke. I now felt my heart opposed to the man, and could scarcely bear to see him with any patience. Whilst on this bed



of sickness, I frequently reflected on the state of the Roman Catholic Church; and I blessed God that I was able to approach him, through the merits of his Son alone, and to see the utter wickedness and guilt of my own fallen and corrupt nature. But, Sir, it is extremely difficult to shake off old prejudices at once; although my views of salvation were now generally clear and scriptural, yet the force of my original opinions would occasionally master my better reason, and sink me in my former errors. I usually found this to be the case, when in a state of more than ordinarily bodily weakness, or depression of mind. In such a frame I was when you first met me on my way to the church-yard. Indeed the agonies I felt that night were excessive; for in proportion as the illiberality and uncharitableness of the Roman Catholic creed gained upon my opinion, my suffering was the greater. I would then consider Ellen Upton, with all her charity, her patience, her resignation, her hope, and her pure rational and exalted faith, as a heretic, for ever lost to the blessed enjoyments of eternal life, and sunk in the endless torments of perdition. I assure you, Sir, I would not again suffer such a mental tornado—such a terrible desolation of all the more amiable and benevolent feelings of the heart, nor such inconceivable anguish, as that reflection occasioned me, for any earthly consideration. But, thank God, they were not permanent; being only the last throes of expiring prejudice, they became every day still weaker, and of shorter continuance.

“It has often surprised me, Sir, how such a doctrine as exclusive salvation could gain ground among rational men—or how a religion which tramples upon and destroys the best moral principles of our nature, should have taken such deep root in the human heart.

But if we examine the matter clearly, we shall cease to be astonished at it. Rochefoucault has observed, that there is something in the calamities and distresses of our best friends, that is not displeasing to us. This doctrine justifies and confirms that observation. For I, when a steadfast believer of exclusive salvation, remember, that the idea arising from the eternal punishment, which, I supposed, must await the soul of every individual not within the pale of my own church, used to come over my heart with a deadly and perverted pleasure, that proceeded not only from satisfaction in contemplating the punishment of the enemies of God and my religion, but from the heightened satisfaction I enjoyed, when contrasting the consideration of my own happiness with their misery. How can such a doctrine as this establish 'peace and good will among men?' It is impossible. The principle in our nature upon which it rests is the worst that pervades and characterises humanity—selfishness. Who ever received a favour, the value of which he did not conceive to be lessened by seeing the same favour extended to many? And on the contrary enhanced, when only he himself, or a few along with him, receive it. Alas! this principle it is which is carried into the religion of the Church of Rome, because that religion is founded upon human passion, which it really draws out and nourishes, in order to strengthen its own influence over the heart. Such a religion must always darken and deteriorate the human mind; and it has ever done so. What is exclusive salvation but the Hindoo doctrine of *caste*? And the slavish prostration of reason, will, and judgment, to the power and *dictum* of a priest, but the same unmanly surrender of individual liberty and moral right, which the priest-worshipping barbarians of Hindostan present? We see how deplorably the spiritual pride,

which would arrogate to itself the exclusive privilege of salvation, was instanced in the Jews themselves, particularly in the Pharisees, who, while they sat in the seat of Moses, absolutely perverted the divine oracles of God, by striving to adapt them to their own corruptions; thus rendering 'his commandments of none effect by their traditions,' and ascribing to themselves the only merit of possessing truth, and observing *rites* and *ceremonies*, with a scrupulous punctuality, whilst the law of God was not only violated without compunction, in the ordinary course and occupations of life, but through those very *rites* and *ceremonies* which were founded upon an evasion of God's uncompromising and unaccommodating decrees. Is not the present state of the Roman Catholic Church similar? Look at the Pope assuming to be seated in the chair of Christ—the throne of infallibility. Behold him, like the Pharisee, anticipating his Creator in the awful office of Divine Judgment—usurping in idea the prerogative and power of the Almighty, before whom he is but a worm, and dealing damnation to those who, though not within the limits of his church, are still in the hand of their God. Behold him, like them, setting aside or concealing the direct commandments of God, and substituting in their stead human rites, and superstitious observances; establishing as it were, rules and regulations for the commission of crime, and indulgences for its perpetrators. Are not the fastings, the whippings, and the other species of penances, the same which Christ condemned, when he told the self-righteous and infallible Pharisees to make clean the inside of the platter, that the outside might be clean also? Is not the observance of the commandments *of the Church*, the refraining from meats which God hath created to be taken, the going to confession, the repetition of the

rosaries, litanies, and other various offices of the Church, none of which are ever violated without remorse, even by those who do not scruple to blaspheme the name of God, and run into all sins and excesses—are not these, the same things which were also condemned in the Pharisees when they were called ‘the blind guides, that strain at a gnat and swallow a camel?’

“What are their prayers, and charms against certain diseases, their holy-water, candles, gospels, rosaries, and cords, but the phylacteries of the same Pharisees, and the verses which they were in the habit of repeating out of the Bible, for similar superstitious purposes? whilst the enlightened and Christian worship of God is neglected. Look through all Paganism, ancient and modern, and what can you find of all that is erroneous and unreasonable in the *religion of men*, which unhappily, the Church in which I was educated does not present? It is a contemplation, my dear Sir, which is enough to rend the heart of a benevolent and sincere Christian with sorrow. Was the sword of Mahomet worse than the racks and tortures of the Inquisition?—or the banner of the pale crescent than the dreadful and mysterious characters that floated in the black flag of an *auto da fe*? What is the invocation and worship of saints but the religion of the North American Indians and others, who invoked and worshipped the spirits of their departed friends?—or the offerings made at the shrine of the Virgin Mary and saints, but the bread, and meat, and other necessities, which are left by savages for the use of the dead? If there be a Juggernaut and a Mecca,—is there not a Loughderg and a Loretto? If there be a Lama, with the veil of mystery around his impious brow, bowed down to and adored by the slaves of his will,—is there not one professing to be the vicar of the meek

and lowly Jesus, who places his feet (fit emblem of degradation) upon the necks of his equally deluded followers? I would not, Sir, have dwelt so long upon this melancholy comparison, were I not anxious to prove to you that the motives which have induced me to determine on coming out of the Church of Rome, were founded upon a serious and solemn investigation of her doctrines and principles. I have compared her, not only with the word of God, and with other churches, but with herself at different periods—I have, by the assistance of this little library, traced the progress of her power and the gradual developement of her authority; and am led to acknowledge, that wherever her influence is established, or has been established, knowledge, arts, science, industry, and civilisation have retrograded—the human mind has become dark and grovelling, and the character of mankind sunk into slavery on the one hand, or raised into an intolerable and arrogant oppression on the other.

“There is very little more, Sir, in my history. On rising from my illness, after Ellen’s death, I found her mother dying, and in a week afterwards, I saw her laid for ever beside that daughter whom she loved so well. Father A. was now very anxious that I should make a visit along with him to C——. What his reasons were for this I did not then know; but I knew them the next morning, when my father, at breakfast, after having contemplated my countenance very earnestly for some time, whispered me to follow him to his room as soon as breakfast should be over. I accordingly went, and he there informed me, that in consequence of Father A.’s representations, he had willed the property to the establishment at C——. ‘What, my dear father,’ said I, ‘was the nature of his representations?’ ‘Why,’ said he, ‘he entered into a long argument, in which

he proved, I think, very clearly and satisfactorily, that I could not with a good conscience dispose of it otherwise. "Your son," he argued, "will not live to inherit it, for he will not survive yourself; in that case it is your duty to consider the claims which the Church has upon you, and indeed upon every child who lives within her bosom. These claims, if the Church thought proper to urge them, could be made imperative; in their own nature they supersede every other." In addition to this he said that I should establish a perpetual mass for you and me, and the rest that are in the dust, which indeed, James, we ought to do.' I now saw that I had much to encounter; but I knew my father was both a liberal and an intelligent man, who met, with unqualified indignation, any thing like duplicity or deceit. To relate the arguments that passed between us on the subject, would occupy too much of your time; let it suffice to say, that I succeeded, after considerable trouble, in giving him a thorough knowledge of Father A.'s views and disinterestedness. The will he immediately cancelled, but he has now made another, to which I have to request that you will have the goodness to become either a witness or an executor." I told him that I certainly did not like the office of executor, nor to have much to do with wills in general; "but," said I, "as your case is so peculiar, I shall have no objection to become a witness."

I must observe here, that this narrative occupied a much longer time, in consequence of Father Butler's weakness and the frequent fits of coughing now, which seized him, than would be spent in its perusal. I now rose to take my leave, which I did accordingly, after promising to call the next day but one—when two friends more were to meet for the purpose of subscribing also as witnesses—and he

went out, leaning on the arm of a servant, to seek his father.

It was now the forenoon of a beautiful day, and I was on my way home, driving leisurely along, reading a book, as I am in the habit of doing—when I overtook a poor woman, whose countenance had once been beautiful, leading an interesting little girl, aged about ten years, by the hand. There appeared to be no other object in the walk they were taking, than that of exercise for the child, who seemed to be an invalid; for they stopped now and then to pull such wild flowers as the little one thought pretty enough to put into a nosegay which she carried in her hand. When I came up with them, they forbore their amusement, and each made a low courtesy. I was much struck with the appearance of the child, who was a sweet little creature, with fine blue eyes, and flaxen hair, that fell into natural ringlets on her fair and graceful neck. She appeared to be recovering from a fit of sickness. “Has your little girl been ill?” said I addressing the mother—“she has a sickly look, I think.” “Ah! then, your honour, it’s she that has been ill, God help her—so ill, indeed, Sir, that I had no notion in the world that she would ever *over* id; but God has been better to me than I deserve, blessed be his name for id.” “I am glad to find,” said I, “that you are truly sensible of his goodness in sparing her to your affection; and I trust you will bring her up in his fear and in his knowledge;—how many children have you besides her?” “Indeed, Sir,” replied the woman, “she’s all that ever we have had, an’ I often blame myself for lovin’ her so much, an’ pray that my heart may be weaned a little more from her; bud I can’t help lovin’ her still—for she has never cost her father or myself a frown, from the hour of her birth to this minnit; and, Sir, it would delight you

to hear how she can repate her catechism. Maybe, Sir," said the poor woman, delighted at the idea—"maybe your honour would be good enough to try her in id?" "That," said I, "is out of my power, as I am unacquainted with the catechism which she has been taught." "She can repate," continued the mother, "a great deal of the New Testament off the book, an' I hope she understands, an', young as she is, practises it too." "I thought," observed I, "that Father Driscoll did not permit any of his flock to read the Bible in his schools; but perhaps he did not know it." "Father Driscoll," replied the woman, "has no control over me or my child, for we do not belong to his flock. I trust I worship God in spirit and in truth, and approach him through faith in Him who gave his life a ransom for sinners. I am a Protestant, Sir."

"I am sure you are a Christian," I replied, "if this great principle of salvation be truly impressed upon your heart." "Ah, Sir," said she, "it's hard for us to be what we ought to be; there is so much that's evil, corrupt, and against God in our nature, that except we throw ourselves on the mercies of our Redeemer, we have no hope; and surely to live without hope, is to live without God in this world. That Redeemer, Sir, blessed for ever and ever be his name, was a man of many griefs, and acquainted with sorrows—and if *we* have sorrows, have we not Him to look to? if we be heavy laden, will He not bear our burden?" As she uttered these words, I looked more earnestly at her countenance, and saw a tear stealing silently down her cheek. Her face, indeed, was one in which religion and sorrow, hope and resignation, seemed to blend together; but religion appeared to triumph; for as she wiped the tear away, I saw the serene light of a Christian's consolation beam, with mild and pen-



sive beauty, in her eye, as she silently turned it towards that heaven where dwelt the support of her declining and afflicted spirit. During the conversation, the child had been pulling a little cluster of blue-bells, which she had mingled among the other flowers, according as the colours seemed best to harmonise with each other, or with her fancy. When she had finally arranged them, she approached her mother, throwing at me, as she came, a quick but bashful glance of her beautiful blue eyes. She then put her hand into her mother's, who bent down as the child whispered to her for a moment, and whilst speaking she cast at me another glance as rapid as the former, accompanied by a slight blush, which tinged her pale face with the infant grace and beauty of innocence. "Indeed I don't know, Ellen, my dear," said the mother, "whether the gentleman has little daughters or not. She wishes, Sir, to know if you have any little daughters at home." "Indeed I have, my dear, three of them, and the eldest is about your own age and size." The child, after again looking at me timidly, hesitated a moment, and then whispered her mother a second time. "She bids me ask, Sir," said the latter, "if you would allow her to give you her nosegay, to bring home to them, as she says it is large enough, when divided, to make one for each." "I will, my dear," said I, "accept your little gift with pleasure, and when I present it to them, I will tell them that the little hands which pulled it are joined together in the worship of God every night and morning; and I am sure it will be truth." She then came over with that diffidence and native modesty which characterise young and ingenuous minds, and put the flowers into my hand. From the appearance of the mother, which was clean, but very plain, I surmised

that they lived in poverty and privation; I therefore made the reception of the flowers an argument for giving the child something which I thought might be more necessary to her comfort. But when I attempted to do so, the child withdrew and refused to accept it. "You are very good, Sir," said the mother; "but I would not wish Ellen to receive any thing for doing a kind or civil action. It's her duty, without reward, to be both kind and civil. Besides, we do not stand in need of it, Sir—returnin' you, at the same time, many thanks." "Perhaps the child," said I, "might require some nourishing things, which you cannot afford to procure her." "That's true enough, Sir," she replied; "but the Lord, blessed be his name, has raised up a friend, that does not let my poor Ellen want for any thing that's fit for her." "I am glad to hear it," said I; "may I inquire who the kind individual is that takes such a humane interest in your little Ellen?" "It is Father James Butler, Sir," returned the woman, "who, through all her sickness, (brought on by a cold she caught afther risin' out of the mazles,) took care that she should want for nothing. Many a tear did he shed over her, as she lay moanin' under the load of sickness that overtook her; for he confessed to me, that he loved her becase she reminded him of one that was gone. But he said he would soon meet *his* Ellen in a world where they would never be separated. She was god-mother to this child, Sir, and it was afther her she was called. But thank God I am not so bigoted as to deny that he is a true Christian, although his religion is different from mine; and if this child never was called afther Miss Ellen Upton, Mr. Butler would be as ready to be her friend, as he is to assist all those in the neighbourhood, that sickness or misfortune prevents from bein' able to help

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themselves." "Indeed, I agree with you," I replied, interrupting her, "in your character of Mr. Butler."—"We had a visit yesterday, too," she continued, "from the rector's lady, Mrs. Simpson, who, indeed, had she heard of Ellen's sickness would have called sooner; but the parish is very large, Sir, and she lives upwards of five miles from our house, which you may see there, beside that little knowe. She is, indeed, a good and a Christian woman, God bless her; but indeed, if poor Mr. Simpson himself had been at home and in health, Ellen here would have had another good friend."

They now made me another courtesy, and turned into a little lane that led towards their house. I then resumed my book—my horse, who knows my habits, stealing forward at a snail's pace. In this manner, I advanced about forty perches or so, when I heard two voices behind me—one of which I instantly recognised as Dimnick's. I placed myself in such a position in the gig, that, whilst I had my eye on them, I appeared to be contemplating the beauty of the surrounding country. Dimnick was coming along, with his hat off, and a long set of beads in his hands, making up (as I afterwards understood) by performing the office of St. Joseph, for the time he lost with Father Butler in the earlier part of the day. The other was a personage who at first left all my penetration at fault, as to who or what he was, or could be. At all events, he was certainly above six feet high—wore a long beard, by which I judged that he wished to distinguish himself as a person set exclusively apart for religious purposes. His hat had a steeple-crown upwards of a foot high, which made him appear of a gigantic size, and the leaf of it fell down over his shoulders, like that of a coal-porter. He wore no shoes, but had on a

pair of *traheens*,\* that went down to his ankles. What the colour of his coat was, or whether he wore one or not, I could not say, for his huge body was completely enveloped in a blanket, which he had secured upon him with a leathern belt, that buckled round his middle. He had two bags upon his back, and one hanging across his breast. Under his left arm he carried a large bullock's horn, bottomed with leather, and stopped with a plug of paper—beneath which hung a tin canteen. In his left hand he bore a long oaken cudgel, about seven feet in length, called a *cant*, with an iron spike in the end of it; and in his right a string of beads, at least twice the length of Dimnick's. This colossus and Paddy went forward, bandying Irish prayers alternately, until they had advanced about ten perches before me. As they passed, Paddy shut one eye, as usual, and gave me a look full of a bitter and malicious spirit, tempered, however, by a chuckle of triumph, produced by the trimming which he imagined he had given me that morning.

In the course of a few minutes after they had passed, the prayers were finished, and *Paddy* put his beads in his pocket, and his hat on his head—as to *pilgrims* they have the privilege of praying covered whilst travelling; he then got on a quicker rate, and the other slackened his pace, as if he waited until I should drive up to him. He was certainly a formidable looking fellow, and without at all derogating from my own courage, I have no hesitation in saying, that I should wish to avoid him in a lonely place, as nothing but the sternest necessity could drive me upon single combat with such a man-moun-

\* Stockings without feet.

tain, or induce me to grapple with him and his half-dozen of bags.

Here, however, there was no danger, as reapers were employed in almost every field about us. I therefore felt some curiosity to know what kind of a being he might be, or whether he was tame or otherwise; and he himself seemed willing enough to come to an explanation, for he hung back as if waiting till I advanced, "Well, my honest fellow," said I, when I came up to him, "I have been endeavouring to penetrate that blanket of mystery you have about you for the last ten minutes; but to no purpose—what occupation, may I ask, do you follow?" "What occupation is id? why then, your honour, I'll tell ye that—prachin' the Gospel." "Preaching the Gospel!" said I in astonishment, "why man, you look to be any thing but an apostle." "Do ye think so?" said he. "Undoubtedly," I replied, "I am of that opinion." "I believe you," he answered; "I know I'm not wan iv *your* apoastles, for I don't go in a coach and six, nor in a gig even (casting a glance at myself,) but plaze God I'm not a *traneen* the worse iv that, I'm thinkin'." "Certainly not," I answered, "but may I inquire of what sect you are the ornament—what religious persuasion is blessed by your apostolic labours?" "Why," said he, hitching up his bags, "don't you know by my hat I'm a Quaker?" "No," said I, "I could never find out that secret by your hat: no Quaker wears a steeple crown to his." "Well then," said he, "if I'm not a Quaker, I'm a *high-churchman*, iv *coorse*, since ye must know id." "I don't see how that follows," said I. "May be, yer honour," he replied with a grin, "that's bekase ye haven't got an eye in the back iv yer head." I now suspected either that the fellow was a humourist, or that he determined to be insolent. I resolved, however, to try him a little further. "Well," I

inquired, "what success have you had in preaching?" "Why, Sir, odd as you think me, I have saved many a soul in my time." "Are you sure of that?" I inquired. "As sure as that you're in that gig you're sittin' in." "I should wish to hear," said I, "how you effected that important object." "Well, if you would," he returned, "put a half-crown there," stretching out a prodigious paw across the road. I thought I would not have been justified in throwing away half a crown upon such a sturdy knave; but as I am fond of character, I gave him a shilling, that I might get a little more out of him. He looked at the money for a moment, and after a shrug or two of disappointment put it under his fore tusk, and giving it a bend as if it were tin, looked at it again;—"It is good," said he, "peerin' at me from under the steeple hat." "Now," said I, "let me know how you saved so many souls in your labours." "Well," said he, squirting an old chew of tobacco about a perch across the road, "see what it is to make a fool's bargain;—how did I save so many?—why, by goin' bare-footed summer and winther, for any man that goes that-a-way will save soles. An' now ye have the worth iv yer money I think," said the sturdy villain, as he turned into a gap that led across the fields to a small village, about a quarter of a mile from the road. "Do you know who or what that man is?" I inquired from two men who were mending a part of the road where he turned off. "That's Owen Devlin, the pilgrim," said one of them. "A pilgrim!" said I, "what do you mean exactly by a pilgrim?" "A pilgrim, Sir," said the man, "is a blessed person that goes about from place to place, tachin' an' larnin' prayers an' hymes, an' goin' to Loughderg, an' holy stations, attendin' christenins, an' weddings, an' wakes—where they say prayers, and sing rhans, an' may be puts a pebble from Lough-

derg into the coffin, if they're well thrated. That man, Sir, is wan iv them—an' a blessed, an' holy crathur he is—was he speakin' to you, Sir?" he asked—"Yes," said I, "I entered into conversation with him." "That's a wondher, Sir, for id's seldom he spakes wud a Protestant, or any other heretic, at all, at all—an' some o' them makes a vow never to spake to a heretic." "What mean all the bags he carries about him?" I inquired. "Why, Sir, [that man, poor as he is, has a son in Maynewth—an' he gathers praties, an' male, an' milk, an' whatever else he can get; an' by sellin' them, along wud what odd pences he picks up here an' there, wud sometimes a shillin' now an' then for a prayer or so—he continues to keep the son in dacent close—he went first a poor scolar to Munsther, where he got into some farmer's house—an' so, Sir, from wan step to another he never pulls bridle, till he gets 'imself into the college iv Maynewth. The father's now goin' to Paddy Dimnick's, I'm thinkin', to have a prayin' bout wud Paddy, or may be to larn 'im some new prayer."

"Yes," I observed, "I certainly saw them together."

"Sure enuff, Sir, they're often together; an' indeed he hasn't much to brag iv over Paddy, holy as he is: for that matther, Barney," said the man, addressing his companion, "I'd hould a trifle that Paddy would say prayer for prayer wud 'im, and hould out longest, afther." "No indeed, Ned, wouldn't he do any sich thing, although I don't deny bud Paddy's as holy, may be as Owen, although Paddy's bud a *voteen*." "And what's the difference," I inquired, "between a *voteen* and a *pilgrim*?" "Why, Sir, a man livin' at home wud his family may be a *voteen*, bud a *pilgrim* has neither house nor family, bud goes about from place to place, as I sed, Sir." "And is Paddy considered a holy man?" I asked. "Barrin'

Father Driscoll 'imself, Sir, there's not so holy a man in the parish: he knows a power, Sir, entirely, about prayers, an' the church, an' Scripthur, and there's no end to his fastin' and prayin'—indeed it's the greatest pity in the world that he wasn't made a priest iv—for he can argue Scripthur wud the *face of clay*.\* He can, thought I, with the face of brass—I now drove on, and could not help reflecting upon the state of ignorance in which it is possible for a Christian country, in the nineteenth century, to be placed, even within the reach and influence, of truth's unsullied light. Good God, thought I, is it possible, that such men can say they have lived under the ministry of Christian clergymen?—legitimate successors, forsooth, of those champions of truth, whose kindling piety, clear, simple, and rational, spread the light of revelation over kingdoms immersed in the darkness of sin and ignorance? What can such men as these I have seen, I asked myself, have of religion or of Christianity but the name? What can any portion of mankind be, who surrender the right—the very office of thinking, to another portion of their fellow-creatures,—but their slaves in the worst and most degraded sense of the word?

I did not forget my promise of returning to witness the will, in which I was joined by two respectable gentlemen from the metropolis, both Roman Catholics. One half of the property was left to a person named Donovan, and the other to a Mr. Wilson; both struggling men with large families. They were the nearest relations to Mr. Butler, and considered to have almost equal claims. Wilson was a Protestant.

I expected this day to have met the wily Father

\* With any human being.



A., but Father Butler informed me that they had written to him declining very mildly, but firmly and finally, any further communication with him, either personally or by letter. "I am sure," he said, "that he will not come here; because from the nature of the communication made to him, he must see that his object in abusing the influence which his character and office gave him in our family, is too well known—and I cannot but condemn, most unequivocally, the advantage which the church has taken by the ordinance of confession, over the conscience and property, and opinions of individuals—to it may be attributed much of the bloodshed, crime, and misery which have disgraced religion, and shaken the frame of civil society—not omitting that horrible tribunal the inquisition."

On reading over the will that day, I perceived that little Ellen, whom, along with her mother, I overtook on my way home, the day but one before, had not been forgotten. Two hundred pounds had been left her as a marriage portion, the interest of which was to be applied to defray the expenses of her clothing and education. "The affliction of her mother," said Mr. Butler, "affected me very much—her life is little short of an unceasing martyrdom on account of her religion, but her gentle spirit was unable to bear the domestic persecution which she suffered from her husband, who is a Roman Catholic: I have, therefore, induced my father to consider the child, because I think she will soon be deprived of her dear mother—the father too, is far gone in a decline—poor Ellen was god-daughter to Miss Upton, after whom she received her Christian name."

Every day henceforth showed me more clearly the admirable character of Father Butler; I saw it, and found it in innumerable instances. I was now beginning, from my rank and situation in the

country, where, until very lately, I had been a stranger, to get a better knowledge of the opinions, prejudices, and general character of the peasantry about me; and I had, therefore, an opportunity of tracing the effects of his secret benevolence, where I could scarcely have expected it. He was all charity, all kindness, all feeling. There was not a child within a considerable circle about him that had not learned to repeat his name with gratitude. To hate him was scarcely possible in the most illiberal and devilishly bigoted disposition; for there was something in his mild and affectionate manner which stamped all his actions with a character of rectitude and propriety; and as his fine form, wasted away by premature decay, presented the idea of his sudden removal to another life—it was impossible to impute to him any motives for embracing the doctrines of the Established Church, but such as arose from an awful conviction of conscientious duty.

On leaving him that day, I observed that he was unusually exhausted, and I concluded that a very few days would put a close to his short and unhappy, but not useless life. He himself felt this: "I am near the haven," said he, "near all that a Christian can hope for: but what saith the prophet? 'the righteous perisheth, and no man layeth it to heart; and merciful men are taken away, none considering that the righteous is taken away from the evil to come: he shall enter into peace.' Is there not consolation in these words? Yes, my friend, I feel it, I feel it;—Oh! never did the glory of heaven—the rich light of an evening sun fall with greater beauty on the dark and tottering ruin, than the consolations of religious hope do upon my broken heart." "My dear Mr. Butler," said, I, "I feel the most unmingled delight in knowing this; for surely life has

not on this side of the grave, any thing more touching or beautiful than the death of the righteous—what is there to be derived from human example that can purify and exalt the heart of man, more than the calm triumphant death of a Christian brother?" "True indeed," he replied; "but oh! how I rejoice that I appear before my judge with a just and proper view of his mercy and holiness! and of my own proneness to enmity against Him! How I rejoice that I know *Him*—the Merciful One—whose blood cleanseth from the taint of fallen and ungodly nature, instead of trusting in the dead ceremony, the soul-blinding unction, or the dark muttering of an unknown prayer! Alas, my friend, where now is *my* righteousness? And on what a fatal delusion would that Christian rest, who should abandon the mercy of the Son of God, and turn to the intercession of a sinner like me, who, instead of having a surplus of merit, owes every thing to that mercy? Oh! how thankful ought I to be, that I did not go before the judgment seat with the pride of an evil nature, the contempt of my Redeemer's blood, and the confidence of rival intercession written upon my forehead!" I now left him, after having promised to pay him, if possible, a daily visit.

The following morning after breakfast, I was just stepping into my gig to fulfil my promise, when Nolan, whom I have already alluded to, approached me, with large clots of blood upon his face, hands, and clothes. "Nolan," said I, alarmed, "what's the matter? what has happened you?" "Nothing, at all, at all, to myself," he replied, "bud the poor sheep, your honour, has suffered, and two iv the year-oulds is houghed"—"Houghed?" I exclaimed, in amazement—"you can't be serious, Nolan I have surely injured none in the parish, that they should thus attack my property in so barbarous and in-

human a manner—and the sheep you say? what has been done to them?" "Why, Sir, there's three iv them lyin' stiff, wud their throat's cut across, and two wud the tails taken off them, poor things!" "Well," said I, "is this the return I am getting for substantial acts of kindness which I have taken every opportunity of rendering to the poor of the neighbourhood? I thought I was an indulgent landlord, and every way a friend to my poorer tenantry." "Read this, Sir," said Nolan, handing me a bit of dirty paper, tied about with a thread—"may be that would throw some light upon the bizness, I got id tied roun' the neck iv wan iv the dead crathurs." I opened the paper and read the following:

"This is to let Mr. — know, that af he wishes to avide another visit from them that nickt the sheep an' the sturks, he'll give up makin' convarts, an' corruptin' the people to lave the thrue church—let Father Butler be his last, or it'll be worsor for 'im—an' let 'im be afther havin' no hand in defraadin' the Church iv her 'onest du, if not—"

This document had no signature. "Lanty," said I, "do you know a tall monster of a fellow, called Slevin, or Delvin, or Devlin, or some such name? he's a pilgrim—I suppose you understand what that is,—and carries half a dozen of bags about him?" "Know 'im, Sir, I do well, he's a great *croonheen*\* iv Paddy Dimnick's for prayin'—an' has a son, a young *sogarth*, in Maynewth, *Owneen*, they call 'im, that used to go about wud the old fellow when a gorsoon; and I'll warrant when he gets the *robes* upon 'im, he'll be hardher to spake to, an' more overbearin' nor his betthers, for that's always the case, Sir." "The very same," I observed. "Do you know, Lanty, that I have a strong suspicion of that

\* Companion.

rascal?" "Why then, Sir, between you an' me, he's nothin' else; although there's not three in the parish that doesn't take 'im for a sint, an' thinks the very ground he walks on as good as consecrated; an' yet for all that, I wouldn't put the same thrick past 'im; and may be id wont warm Paddy Dimnick's heart to hear iv id, any how, for he hates every bone in yer skin, yer honour, ever since it's reported that you turned Father Butler to your Church." "Lanty, you must find out that fellow for me, he's probably about Dimnick's and to tell you the truth, I suspect both; but trace Devlin for me if you can, and I'll have him examined." "I declare, yer honour," Nolan replied, "I wud rather you wudn't pud id an me, to have any hand in id—you know, Sir, I'm a poor strugglin' man, wud a family iv small childher to get bread for, an' if I got a dog's knock, Sir, or any thing happened me, that-a-way, what 'ud poor *Ailey* do wud the wanes—I'm not very well liked, Sir, as id is, ever since I tuck the Bible, an' didn't give id back, as I was ordhered, so that this wud be a good excuse for them to get a hole in my skirt." "If you think they would direct their revenge against you, also, Nolan," said I, "why you are right in having nothing to do with that fellow—is it he you fear?" I inquired. "Jist him, for wan, Sir, for whin he'd be in another part iv the kingdom, he wud make me suffer for id, for that fellow is as cunnin', Sir, and as full iv revenge as a fox." "Well, in that case," said I, "you had better say nothing more about it; but have Magrath the constable here at two o'clock, for I'll be back from Mr. Butler's by that time; at any rate, I'll offer a handsome reward for the discovery of the perpetrators." "I think Devlin will be at Larry Linahan's to-day, Sir, if he's in the counthry as there's a *station* there." "Very well," said I, "we shall try as soon as I return."

When I arrived at Mr. Butler's I found him confined to his bed, for up to this day he had been able to move about. I know not whether it is always fancy that produces the impression; but so it is, that whenever we know there is a fellow-creature, either dying or dead, we think there is a gloomy stillness, a dismal solemnity, brooding over the very mansion, that is strongly contrasted with the busy stir of life and health. In the words of the poet, here—

Pale melancholy sits, and round her throws,  
A death-like silence and a dread repose :  
Her gloomy presence saddens all the scene,  
Shades every flower, and darkens every green—  
Deepens the murmurs of the falling floods,  
And breathes a browner horror o'er the woods.

On entering the gate which led into the small demesne belonging to the house, I met one of the servants, and on inquiring how Father James was—the poor fellow burst into tears, as he replied, “Ah! Sir, he fought it out long and patiently; but he is down at last: I think he'll scarcely *over* to-morrow. The priest and the minister are both with him at present, and he expects you, Sir; I believe we'll soon have Dr. Upton, too—I hear he came from England, for no other purpose but to see him.” I proceeded to the house immediately, and such was the hold which he had gained upon my affections, that I experienced a sinking of the heart, resembling that which a man would feel for the approaching death of a child or brother. The day, too, was still and gloomy, not a breeze was abroad, and the shadows of the beeches and poplars that were reflected from the dark waters of the fish-pond, as I passed it, were motionless as death; not even a volume of smoke rose from the house—no servant appeared the pigeons on the roof of the dove-cote sat

they had been changed into stone ; and a solitary sparrow was perched upon the house-top, with its little head resting upon its breast, motionless as the pigeons. All that broke the solemnity of the silence around me, was the noise of a little waterfall, that fell under the thick shade of the trees, where they wreathed their aged arms into each other, across the narrow glen, and the distant murmur of the wood-quest, that came sorrowfully from the grove of firs behind the garden. When I entered the hall, I met one of the servants, who told me that he had whispered her several times, to know if she thought I would soon come. I went immediately to his bed-room, and found him even weaker than I had anticipated. When he saw me, a faint smile of satisfaction passed over his countenance, and he said, "I am very glad you are come, for a heavy duty indeed devolves upon you, my kind and beloved friend;" and as he spoke, he fixed his eyes significantly on his father. "Compose yourself, my dear Mr. Butler," I replied, "I shall see every thing attended to ; and especially as to what you are most anxious about ; so let me beg that you will not permit yourself to suffer additional pain, or disturb the composure of your mind by an apprehension that a filial care shall not be taken in the instance to which you allude." "I believe it," said he, "and thank you from my heart." At this time the father was sitting in his arm-chair, at the head of the bed ; and when I went in, the old man had his arms partially about him ; but as he was too feeble to sustain his weight—the other had raised himself by pillows, so that he reclined partly in his father's arms, and partly against the head-board of the bed. He had on a night-gown—the Bible lay open beside him, on a small mahogany book-stand, which from his boyhood he had used in his studies—

he held his pocket-handkerchief between his hands, which were clasped ; and as he became tired from time to time by the nature of his position, he turned his head sometimes on the pillow, and sometimes on his father's bosom. In this manner they reclined like two children, their cheeks against each other—and as the tears fell from the old man's eyes, the son soothed him in a tone of tenderness, which, although designed to alleviate, only increased his sorrow. After remaining in this posture for some time, "I fear, my dear father," he said, with that consideration for which he was ever remarkable, "that I am too weighty for you—permit me to recline on the pillow for a little." "No, my dear, no," replied the father, "I can bear you a little longer ; and I will bear you, for where should you rest, for the short time you are to be with me, but next your father's heart !—Alas ! alas ! from that heart my child will soon be torn—from that heart to which he never gave a pang !" and as the father uttered these words, a fresh gush of tears, and a pressure of affection accompanied them, and his eyes turned upon those who were present, with a look that seemed to implore assistance and consolation, in this his great affliction.

But now a scene of greater agitation was before him—one indeed which, in his weak state, he was badly able to sustain—for in a few minutes after this, the father of his long, and much-loved Ellen, entered the room. When Dr. Upton approached the bed, he stood still, and looked long and sorrowfully on Father Butler's face, without even making a reply either to him or us ; at last he took his hand, and raising it to his lips, even kissed it, and burst into tears. "Dr. Upton," said Mr. Simpson, (the rector,) "I would have expected more firmness from you, who were proverbial for patience and resigna-



tion under your own trials." The Doctor was deeply affected for some time, and at length exclaimed, "Alas! my friend, how can I look upon that face with indifference which the daughter of my heart loved so well; is he not besides doubly dear to me, for the love he bore my child?" "Ah! my dear James," he continued, "the hands are in dust that would have tenderly smoothed your pillow, and the lips that would have spoken comfort to your soul, are silent in death—the eyes that would indeed have poured the tear of disconsolation over you, closed until judgment." "Doctor," said Father Butler, "I can understand what you feel, but I entreat you, for the sake of my father—I implore you—by the memory of——do not——" In uttering these words, there was a pause, and we could just hear him pronounce the word "Ellen," in a tone scarcely audible, and with great difficulty, as if its utterance had been accompanied with pain; but finding that he could not speak on that topic without an emotion which he was too weak to bear, he turned round, and looked on Dr. Upton with such an expression of mingled entreaty and sorrow, as will never leave my memory.

The Doctor understood him, and going over to him, said—"James, I am to blame for this want of firmness, and doubly so, when I consider your situation; but I assure you, my dear, it was involuntary—forgive me now—it is past—and I will summon more courage." Father Butler made no reply, but a shade like that of death passed over his countenance. The Doctor now retired, and promised to call early in the evening. "Your Father, James," said he, as he was going, "will live with me—we will be at least united in our affliction—we will shed our tears together—we will console each other, and prepare ourselves for a better life. When he

visits the spot in which you rest, I will accompany him; and when I look upon the grave of my child, he will be with me; and we will then remember the Christian's privilege, and pass through faith from the house of clay before us, to that where your spirits will be in happiness." He now withdrew to another room, and Mr. Driscoll was about to depart, when Father Butler detained him a few moments: "Mr. Driscoll," said he, "I wish to remove an impression which has gone abroad, unfavourable to this gentleman, which is that the change in my religious principles was brought about through his means—I beg, as an act of justice to him, that you will correct this misconception, for I assure you he had nothing to do in it—it was the work of God, I trust, and not of man—this I hope, is sufficient:—and now farewell! my friend, I may not see you again in this life—but oh! may we meet in the presence of that God who will reject no soul that bows down before him in spirit and in truth, in whatever church he may live or die." He then extended his hand to him, and Father Driscoll, who was evidently affected, said, as he held it, "Farewell! James—you were once my brother, and I am sincerely sorry you do not die so—for surely I must feel sorrow, when I consider that I cannot utter one prayer, nor offer one sacrifice for the repose of your departed soul—this, James, is what I feel for; but I should belie my heart and my faith, and you know I should, if I said, that I hope to meet you in glory." As he said this he withdrew in much agitation.

I now departed, after having informed them that I was determined to return about ten in the evening, and remain with them during the night, and Mr. Simpson promised to send his son to remain with me. When I got home, I found Nolan and the

constable waiting for me—and the former gave me to understand, that Devlin and Dimnick were both at the station, and that Devlin would stop in Dimnick's for some time. "Well," said I, "we will not trouble our heads about them, at all events, until to-morrow, for the day is too far advanced at present." At ten that night, I got my cloak, and a case of pistols, and set out, Nolan accompanying me, for Mr. Butler's—we went on foot across the fields, thus shortening the distance very much. We had advanced as far as a piece of dark fir moor, that lay half way between my own house and his, when we espied the pilgrim striding before us in the usual trim. He was then returning from the station, and the manner in which he amused himself, convinced me that he had not attended it in vain. I have already given the reader an account of the size of his person; but it was only now that I got a notion of the tremendous depth and loudness of his voice—it seems he had got nearly intoxicated at the station, and took it into his head to amuse himself by singing what is called by the country people *a rhan*, of which that which follows is a faithful transcript. I must observe, however, that in getting along, when he arrived at any break or chasm on the surface of the moor, he would probe about with his cant, until he got the end of it fixed upon a root of heath, and then leaning upon it, spring over by a kind of swing, with an agility, which, when I considered his size, and the weight and the number of his bags, was truly astonishing. The *rhan* translated, of which I subsequently procured a copy, was as follows:—

## THE BLESSED SCAPULAR.

*A holy Rhan composed by St. Patrick, St. Colm-Kilk, an' St. Bridged, an' havin' been lost to the faithful for many centhries, aftherwurds reveald to a blessed friar in a dhrame.*

Och ! St. Jozeph was a carpenter iv credit and renown,  
St. Pether was a fisherman an' lived in Jeroozlem town :  
St. Paul to be a tint-maker he willin'ly did choose,  
And in passin' thro' the Wildherness he made them for the Jews.

Matthew, Mark, Luke, an' Jahn,

Purtect the bed that we lie an.

*Whack ! vanithee astore wuil boiroh orht !*

When first the holy Scapular St. Abraham had got,  
He gave id to his daughter Madge, an' she gave id to Lot,  
An' Lot bein' now a Carmelite, he gav'd id to his wife,  
Who for the mere refusin' id had like to lose her life,

Matthew, Mark, Luke, an' Jahn,

Purtect the bed that we lie an.

*Whack ! vanithee astore wuil boiroh orht !*

St. Augustus meetin' Lot wan day, afore he was converted,  
Begun to scoff the Scapular an' all that Lot assarted,  
Bud, says Lot, says he, id's plain that you're an Antithrinitarian,  
Bud afore you die, it'll come to pass that you'll die a Scaperlaarian.

Matthew, Mark, Luke, an' Jahn,

Purtect the bed that we lie an.

*Whack ! vanithee astore wuil boiroh orht !*

Then came the flood for forty years, an' swept away the arth,  
In which the chronicle does tell there was a mighty darth,  
Bud all this time the Scapular was never in the dark,  
Bekase that St. Mathoosalem he wore it in the Ark,

Matthew, Mark, Luke, an' Jahn,

Purtect the bed that we lie an.

*Whack ! vanithee astore wuil boiroh orht !*

Then next upon this blessed Rhan does come St. Simon Stock,  
Who the Blessed Virgin did pronounce the flower iv the flock ;  
Twas he that first invinted id, as you may undherstand,  
An' resav'd the blessed pATTERN from the Virgin Mary's hand,

Matthew, Mark, Luke, an' Jahn,

Purtect the bed that we lie an.

*Whack ! vanithee astore wuil boiroh orht !*

When Jonas he sojourned in the belly iv the whale,  
 'Twas he that had the Scapular upon 'im I'll be bale,  
 Duv ye think that af he hadn't id the whale 'ud be so slack,  
 As that he would be the customer to ever let 'im back ?

Matthew, Mark, Luke, an' Jahn,

Purtect the bed that we lie an.

*Whack ! vanithee astore wuil boiroh orht !*

Then glory to the Scapular, an' may id never fail,  
 May every wan that wears id be as pious as the whale,  
 Whoever has the toothache will meet a good reward,  
 For iv they wear the Scapular they'll never get it hard.

Matthew, Mark, Luke, an' Jahn,

Purtect the bed that we lie an.

*Whack ! vanithee astore wuil boiroh orht !*

All pious Christhens that repate this Rhan wud thrue devotion,  
 They need not be afeard iv all the wather in the ocean ;  
 The Blessed Virgin, too will grant whatever they desire,  
 An' they'll be always saved both from wather an' from fire.

Matthew, Mark, Luke, an' Jahn,

Purtect the bed that we lie an.

*Whack ! vanithee astore wuil boiroh orht !*

He was advancing with great strides and much confidence, whilst he sang these blessed stanzas : congratulating himself, no doubt, on possessing such a powerful charm against fire and water ; we kept behind him all the time, judging from the various sections he was in the habit of performing across every part of the country, both plain and mountain, that he must be a safe guide—but he was at least, not an infallible one ; for just as the last stanzas was concluded, he came to a long trench out of which turf had been cut ; and as he stooped to search with his cant, for something firm whereon to fix it, that he might swing himself across, he lost his balance, and down he went into the water, bags, blanket, scapular, rhan, and all. We were at this time about two perches behind him, and he descended so quickly, that we found our philosophy by no means capable of solving the phenomenon of his disappearance.

—"Holy St. Pether," exclaimed Nolan, "bud may be, yer honotr, it was his fetch, an' not 'imself that we seen all the time!" "Nolan," I replied, "I rather think that no fetch ever possessed such a tremendous voice as that, did you not hear the echoes of it reverberating down the glen, there, like thunder?" "At any rate," said Nolan, "he stharted the grouse from the heath, as he went along—so he did—bud we will soon see what has become iv 'im." We then found ourselves on the bank, and on looking sharply down into the trench, we perceived him about five or six yards below the spot where he had been swamped, instead of performing a *rhan* for his deliverance, tugging stoutly for that purpose at a bush of heath. In this he proved successful; for it appeared, that owing to the dryness of the season, the trench was not very deep. He was not now aware that any person was near him, for in consequence of the noise made in the water by his efforts to recover himself, he did not hear our conversation. As soon as he was free on his legs, he gave utterance to a volley of oaths, and commenced cursing not only the dyke, but those who made it.

"Musha, bad end to them, an' may they never thrive that had a hand in makin' ye, at all, at all, ye decavin *corragh*, there's a crown's worth iv male lost wud ye—that I had to help to buy a broadcloth coat for Shoneen, in Maynewth—ye thief iv a pit! —Hould! I vow to St. Pether, bud I bleeve my whiskey's gone, an' the false bottom knocked out iv my milk-horn—no, bedad, that's safe any way; by the same token, that I'll take a dacent slug iv id, jist to keep the wet from doin' my stomach any harm."

After having suited the action to the word, he gave himself a shake to throw off the water, and bent his course at a kind of trot to Paddy Dim.

nick's; so that as our way lay in a direction somewhat different, we saw no more of him for that night.

On arriving at Mr. Butler's, I found Father James though not better, much easier. I and young Mr. Simpson sat up with him that night—towards morning he fell asleep, and as Dr. Upton, who slept there, came to relieve us about five o'clock, we departed. I had desired Nolan to come for me about that hour, and I accordingly found him waiting to accompany me home. "Well, Sir," said he, "as I was going home from Mr. Butler's last night, I thought I'd never die another death, wud laughin'." "Why, Nolan," I inquired, "what occasioned your mirth?" "War ye ever at a *Station*, Sir?" he asked. "No," said I, "what makes you inquire?" "Bekase, Sir, these voteens, when they get to a station, are ten times worse than them that makes no rout about religion." "Undoubtedly," said I, "Pharisees of every persuasion are so." "There's Paddy Dimnick, now," said he, "that purtends to fast, and he'll never scruple to get drunk at a station, an' eats more mutton at wan down-sitting, when he's there, than any three, an' does both bekase he thinks it no sin when the priest's in company. Last night, Sir, Owen Devlin was nothing to 'im—I overtook him on the way, as I tould ye, an' it's he that was as full as a friar." "Did you speak to him, Lanty?" "Not I, Sir—I knew he would only scould and abuse me about my Bible—an' I didn't wish to have any call to 'im." "In that case, Lanty, you were certainly right," said I, "and be sure always to avoid unnecessary bickerings about religion." "An' I used, Sir, not long since, to be a great man entirely for arguin' Scripthur; bud, plaze God, I'll never put myself into a passion about it, to the day o' my death." "No, Lanty," said I, "nor about any thing

else. But what about Paddy last night?" "Why, Sir, afther I left you, an' got as far as Tim Neal's craft, I saw a man before me going sometimes to the right, and sometimes to the left; an' on comin' up wud 'im, who should he be bud Paddy—so, says I to myself, I'll jist walk asy afther 'im, till I see what he's about—an' shure enuff, Sir, there he was, spakin' wud 'imself as hard as he could." "Well, Lanty, let us hear what the nature of his soliloquy was?" "Indeed, your honour, id wouldn't hould together well, to repate id afther 'im—for there was Latin an' Irish an' English prayers, all mixed up together—he repated what they call a *de profundis*, Sir, for the sowl iv his father and mother—or at least part iv id; for when he'd be half done, may be he'd stagger, and then he'd forget what he was at, an' begin' somethin' else—sometimes he'd take a *kink*\* iv laughin' an' laugh into 'imself till he'd be tired—id was consarnin' some one that he had bate in arguin' about religion—an' it seems he was tellin' id to Father Driscoll an' his curate, at the dinner, an' that they praised 'im up to the skies for id. At last, Sir, he lost 'imself entirely, an' didn't know where he was—for he thought 'imself on his own land, an' took out the bades. He then looked at the moon—'Ay,' says he, spakin' to her, 'you're there, avourneen, in the ould place, over Ned Gallagher's barn—an' may be I'm not up to ye, any how : rosary point for ever, jist undher the plough, an' within four stars iv the clusther. Well, may be I'm not a quare fellow—hee, hee, hee—the terror iv Bible-men and heretics, ha, ha, ha—how I did button up that fellow's lip, at Father Butler's—padlocked 'im, as Father Ned said. Go on, go on—(to the moon) I'm not late. Well, at any rate, the punch bates

\* A fit of laughing.



the raw whiskey hollow—a body never feels 'imself dhrinkin' id, so he doesn't. An' how comfortable a man is when he has made a clane breast at confession. Bud now I'll jist turn in here an' finish my rosary, aback o' this ditch. God forbid I should neglect that so soon afther bein' at my duty; bud I'm none o' that sort, I think,—drunk or sober I'm not the man to forget id,' he then begun the day of wrath in Latin:—

Dies iron dies illar  
Solvat whackulum on favillar  
Testy David come skybillar,  
Quantis trainor east few cheer iz  
Quando judiz haste an' cheer iz  
Cocktoe sthricly discusshuriz.

when he sang a few varses more iv this, he went on his knees behind the ditch—and I left 'im prayin' away for the life iv 'im.\*

“Well Nolan,” I observed, “I hope, that it's not necessary for me to make any comment on what you saw. I trust I need not tell you what such gross and perverted notions of moral and religious

\* The original of the above goes thus :

Dies iræ, dies illa  
Solvat sæculum in favilla,  
Teste David cum Sybilla.  
Quantus tremor est futurus,  
Quando judex est venturus,  
Cuncta stricte discussurus? &c.

Or, as they have it in English :

The day of wrath, that dreadful day  
Shall all the world in ashes lay,  
As David and the Sibyls say.  
What horror must invade the mind  
When the approaching judge shall find  
Few venial faults in all mankind? &c.

duty must lead to?" "Why, wud the blessin' iv God, Sir, I hope I'm a changed man from what I was. Indeed I remimber when I thought that if I went to mass iv a Sunday or holy day, an' sed my prayers, no matther how, that I done my duty: bud, Sir, I've far different notions now." "And I'm sorry, Lanty, that all the Roman Catholic peasantry of Ireland have not different notions—if they had, there would be no nightly meetings—no burnings—no destruction of life and property; for wherever there is a depraved standard of religious and moral duty wrought into any religious system, ignorance and crime must be the consequence: and wherever the Bible, Lanty, is not admitted as that standard, every other must be erroneous." "Only for the Bible, Sir," he replied, "I'd have still the ould notions—the same as Paddy—although, to tell the truth, I never was such a voteen as he is."

As I sat up that night, I went to bed as soon as I got home, having first desired Nolan, to send Magrath the constable to me at two o'clock in the afternoon. Nolan, however, had given Magrath a knowledge of the business on which I intended to employ him, and the consequence was, that when the appointed hour came, I found Paddy Dimnick and the Pilgrim along with Magrath, waiting for me in the office. Magrath had informed them that I wished to see them at two o'clock, not letting them know that it was in the capacity of a magistrate—and they came without any trouble. The Pilgrim had dried his clothes and his bags, and appeared as if no disaster had happened him; but Dimnick had a green cloth over his eyes, which were dreadfully inflamed. Before I entered on the investigation, I inquired from Magrath what had befallen Dimnick's eyes. "It appears, Sir," he replied, "that he was at a station yesterday, in Larry Linahan's an'

id seems he left id rather tossicated—nobody knows what happened him afther that ; bud as he didn't go home last night, Mrs. Dimnick raised a *hue-an'-cry* afther him, this mornin'—an' he was found within a couple iv fields iv Tim Neal's craft, upon his knees an' fast asleep, wud the bades in his hands, an' his thumb just turnin' the fifth *decade* ; there happened to be a bit iv a frost, Sir, an' Paddy was nothin' the better iv havin' the sky for his blanket." In this remark, Magrath was certainly right, for Paddy got a defluxion in the eyes, by his devotion that night, which has since settled into a chronic complaint.

I now proceeded to interrogate them. "Well, Mr. Dimnick," said I—"Paddy, Sir, if ye plaze," he replied, interrupting me—"call me Paddy, an' I'll thank ye."—"Well, Paddy, have you any idea of the business on which I have sent for you and this worthy Missionary, who is on terms of such intimacy with you?" "Manin' Owen Devlin here?" replied Paddy, evading the leading point of my question. "Yes," said I, "I allude to him." "Why thin, yer honour, he is a worthy crathur, an' as pious a sowl as there's livin' on the arth this blessed day ; not that he's to the fore himself, for I'd say the same thing behind his back." "I do not doubt that," said I, "but I wish to know if you and he are aware of my motives for bringing you both before me?" "Except it's the *ould* subject, Sir," replied Paddy, "or something that-a-way, yer honour, I'm not up to any other." "What do you mean," I asked, "by the *ould* subject?" "Why, doesn't yer honour remember tellin' me, some time ago, that ye would be apt to give me an opportunity of convartin' ye?" "Yes, I remember saying so," I replied, "but of that some other time, Paddy ; for the present, we will waive the consideration of any religious topic. In the mean time let me again ask you, if you or

your friend here, can discover no other motive for my bringing about this interview? recollect yourselves for a little—just look into your own consciences, and it is probable you may find it out.” “Yer honour’s a little dark now,” said Paddy, with a smile—“bud at any rate, I’m afeard that neither Owen nor myself will be able to resolve what you wish to know, except you tell iz what id’s about first; for I’m always able to guess a thing best when I know id before hand.” “Perhaps this holy man may understand what I allude to,” said I, addressing myself to Devlin; “I sit here in the capacity of magistrate, and I wish to know, Sir, before I put closer questions, if *you* are able to discover my motives for having you both apprehended and brought hither?” The only reply I received, was a broad, unabashed stare of either real or affected amazement from the pilgrim, who did not open his lips, but turned round and pointed to Paddy—“Why do you not answer me, Sir?” I inquired. To this he only gave me another stare, still pointing to Paddy. “Hem—why, yer honour,” said Paddy, stepping forward as dragoon on the occasion—“may be ye don’t know, Sir, that he can’t spake wud any wan to-day, as he’s anundher a vow, Sir, to keep silence wan day in every week.” “Oh! then he has a religious scruple, I suppose.” “That’s the very thing, yer honour,” said Paddy; “ye see, Owen,” he said, addressing the other, “how his honour, God bless ’im, respects id, an’ diz not, may be as many other gentlemen would be apt to do, want for to make ye stain yer sowl by breakin’ id.” “Don’t deceive yourself, Dimnick,” said I, “I shall find means to absolve him from his vow—but before I go any farther, will you desire him to hand me that horn which hangs under his arm, till I inspect it—I think it’s a curiosity in its way.” “Owen,” said Paddy, “hand his honour

the horn till *he looks at id.*" I took the horn, and after surveying it closely, I spied a little wooden peg in the bottom, by drawing out which I suspected we would find the whiskey; I then handed it to Magrath, who made the experiment, and the next moment a gush of raw spirits followed it, to the manifest discomfiture and mortification of Paddy and the pilgrim."

"I perceive," said I, "that an application to this is one method of being pious. Do you not now stand," I observed, "a detected knave and impostor?"

The fellow again looked at Paddy for his vindication, being still resolved to preserve his taciturnity. "I declare, yer honour, yer blamin' 'im in the wrong—the poor crathur," said Paddy; "for the truth iv id is, that in quensequence iv not wearin' shoes upon his feet, he's often subject to a cholick, that's very painful when id comes on him—many a time when he'd be lodgin' wud myself he used to be very bad entirely wud id, an' I'd have to send to Tom Johnston's for a sup iv whiskey for 'im, for nothing else cures 'im; that's all in the world he keeps id for—howandiver he has been promised another cure, yer honour, an' if he had id, he'd have no occasion for the whiskey, at all, at all." "And pray," I inquired, "what's the nature of that other cure?" "A holy Latin prayer, Sir—a charm—that cures the cholick entirely—id belongs to a *blessed priest* in the County Monaghan, who can cure all kinds iv complaints, an' works a gread many miracles." I now perceived more clearly the knavish generalship of the pilgrim, who, by pretending to have a vow of silence to observe, threw the *onus* of responsibility on Paddy; but I determined to make the fellow speak for himself—I accordingly explained to them both, the nature of the loss I had

sustained by the barbarous manner in which my sheep and cattle had been butchered, and my suspicion of their having been implicated in the outrage. "The laws of the country," said I to the pilgrim, "will not recognise your vows, when they chance to obstruct the due administration of justice. I, therefore, inform you that if you do not think proper to come to your speech, I shall feel justified in committing you, until you do." When he heard this, he gave himself two or three most reluctant shrugs, that set the whole machinery of bags, belt, and blanket in motion. "Och! thin God forgive yer honour," he at length exclaimed, "for ye will have this same sin to answer for, along wud all the rest at the last day!—makin' me brake my blessed vow; bud any way id's no matther, now—I'm not the first marthyr that has suffered for my religion, God be praised for id." As he expressed these words, his eye happened to turn upon the horn which Magrath had still in his hand, but I believe considerably lessened of what the false bottom had contained; there was now a fierceness and a sullenness in the fellow's visage, which were evidently produced as much by the freedom Magrath had taken behind my back with the whiskey, as by the violation of his vow. I know not, however, but the vow may have been, after all, only a collusion between him and Dimnick. At all events I could not involve either of them by any species of cross-examination into the slightest admission tending to inculcate themselves. But indeed, beyond my own suspicions, I had no grounds on which to proceed, so after a fruitless attempt to elicit something out of them, I was obliged to dismiss them both; although I am still almost convinced that the destruction of my property was effected, if not by them, personally, yet certainly at their instigation. When

the pilgrim found that he and Paddy came off with flying colours, his eye began to roll with great good-humour—"Arrah, thin, Sir, bud my little dhrop iv whiskey that I had for my cholick is gone, some way or other, between yer honour and Magrath there who made a little free wud id behind yer back. Id was a little sup that Captain Magennis gaved me this very mornin', an' sorra a dhrop I had in id for six weeks till this blessed day." "Except last night," I observed, "when you were swamped in the moor—I think you had as much as enabled you to take a decent swig just to keep the wet from doing your stomach any harm." "I declare yer honour, id was only a dhrop iv peppermint that I got a few days before that—bud yer honour will give me a shillin' to replace the whiskey—for iv this thief iv a cholick would come an me in a lonesome place, I might never get over id if I hadn't something to warm my stomach"—so to get rid of the fellow I gaved him a shilling and dismissed him; so that this was the result of my investigation.

But poor Father Butler's everlasting departure was now at hand; I was indisposed this day, in consequence of having not slept the preceding night, so that I could only send to know how he felt. The answer was, "much weaker." The day following, in consequence of private business, I could not go to him sooner than four o'clock in the afternoon; but every message still was, "worse." When I entered his sick room, I found him just able to articulate; there was none with him but a servant woman, and she, poor creature, was in tears. "Ah!" said he, "I have suffered much bodily pain since I saw you; but what is that—man is born to suffer." "Och! thin, *acushla*," said the poor woman, "it's he that did suffer, God help 'im—an God help 'im over again, for he has none but strangers

to make his moan to—there ye lie, *avick machree*, that never had the hard word on mortal. The friend of them that was absent and ill-spoken iv. There ye lie *avourneen dheelish*, an' doesn't id break my heart to think that a mother's hand is not about ye—nor the eye of love to watch yer pale face wearin' away, thinner and paler, day after day, till death is settled in it at last, *avourneen machree, machree*." I was affected at the artless sincerity of the woman's grief; but Father Butler in consequence of another attack of inward pain, heard not what she said. I inquired as soon as it passed, what I could do to relieve him. "Will you," said I, "sit up in the bed, and I will raise and support you in my arms?" He could not then make a reply, but he caught my hand, and fixing his fine, but languid eyes upon me, gave it a faint pressure—I returned it—and in the emotion of the moment exclaimed, "God knows, my heart is wrung to witness your sufferings; for though short our acquaintance, strong and affectionately was it bound to you, my Christian brother." "Och! then if ye knew 'im as I and others did," sobbed the woman, "you wud feel ten times as much, but it's no wonder that you loved 'im, for every wan that knew 'im did so—can I forget when he was a striplin', what he did for my sick husband and dyin' child,—an' when I was not able to keep my house, or my garden; and had neither kith nor kin to go to, after berryin' them both; did he not make his mother take me into the house to live wud her entirely—an' when they were lyin' stretched before me, an' me sick wud hunger as well as wud grief—*acushla machree*, id was yerself that, when others like ye war playin' about, thoughtless poor young crathurs—iv the lone widow's affliction—*acushla machree*, id was yerself that did not forget me: an' when I could



'im the whole thruth, an' that I had ate nothin' for that day an' the day before—how he put his handkerchief to his eyes, as if he wasn't cryin'; bud didn't I see the tears droppin' from his cheeks, though he thried to decave me."

She here continued to weep bitterly, and I could not myself suppress the tears on hearing this. At length I inquired, "What's the matter with him? is he asleep or beginning to doze?" "Asleep, och! an' I wish id was sleep, poor thing; no, Sir," said she, wiping her eyes with the corner of her apron, "he has had these dozins now and then, since about four o'clock yesthurday, he's always wake an worn, when he comes out iv them." "Where's old Mr. Butler?" I inquired. "Poor ould gentleman, he was fallin' down asleep about an hour agone; an' Docthor Upton made 'im lie down on the bed awhile: bud himself gave me strict ordhers, if Father James would be goin' to depart, to come an' waken 'im." "I thiak," said I, in a low tone, "he will soon go." "Oh! I hope he will, Sir," she replied, "though id's a cruel thing to hope id—but it's worse to see 'im in pain; look, Sir, how his breast rises up inwardly, as if there was a lump rollin' up torst his throat—Och! och! *alannah*, if ye seen this in another, it's yourself that wud pity them from yer tendher heart; but he was always good. When he was a boy, Sir, an' the others iv his own age playin' and runnin' about, he would go to some lonely place, an' be musin' an' musin'; and though I was always an airly riser, sometimes when I'd be up, he'd be afther comin' back from the hills, wud his sweet bud sorrowful-lookin' face; but I often thought myself he wasn't for this world, he used to spend so much iv his time wud 'imself in dark places about dusk; and Lord bless iz, about the very church-yard; bud he loved id, Sir, bekase somethin' tould 'im in his own

mind, I'm thinkin', that he'd soon be there, *acushla machree*." "He is now," said I, "recovering from that stupor; in a few moments he will be better." "Father James, *achora*," said the tender creature, putting her mouth in a kind of whisper near him, "are ye asier? Is that pain left you, (an' bad end to id for a pain,) is id gone from you, *asthore*?" "Yes, Nancy, I am somewhat easier now," he replied; but almost the same moment his eyes closed again, and he relapsed into the same state.

The poor creature now hung over him, rocking herself for some time in the most heartfelt grief—at length, she exclaims, almost unconsciously—"Oh, Sir, isn't it a poor thing to be on the bed of sickness or death, wudout the face of a mother, or a wife, or a sisther, about wan; och, bud id's the lonely thing to die wudout their breath, or their eye upon wan—what signifies strangers, let them be ever so kind? The heart can't warm to them as id does to a wife or a mother—bud that's bekase, I suppose, no wan else can love them so well—an' sure, Sir, we can't hate any wan, when we know they love iz—bud any way, it's you that had the lonesome sick bed, *avick machree*!" His eyes opened again, and I thought they were not so heavy as before. Though very much exhausted by the stupor, he seemed more decidedly to have got over it. "Are these attacks, my dear Mr. Butler, painful?" I inquired. "Yes," he replied, "very." But this he spoke with much feebleness—he then looked earnestly at me for some time, before I was aware that there was any particular meaning in his look: "One office more, my kind friend, though it is not much: I know you think me in pain—and I suffer in the body—but my Redeemer is with me; the hope of the dying Christian is within and upon me—oh, why—does not all the world know that a Redeemer liveth!—Now, as the last office to

your living friend, place my Bible and my bookstand here, and then send Peggy for my father, for I feel that the veil of eternity is beginning to be raised before me—a few short minutes, my friend, and I will answer you no more—I will be at rest.” As he uttered these words, a smile expressive of the most ineffable happiness lit up his pale interesting countenance. It happened very fortunately that the old man just entered the room, as he had uttered the last words, and was saved the terrible shock of such a message. He then sat down a little from the bed, as he saw him about to read; Father Butler desired me to open the Bible at the 19th chapter of Job—I did so—“Now, father,” said he, “hear the last words that my lips will ever read to you.” He spoke this with great difficulty—but when his eye rested upon the words he was about to read, a new spirit seemed to pervade him—his voice became comparatively strong, and his articulation distinct. He then read these verses—““Oh, that my words were now written! oh, that they were printed in a book! That they were graven with an iron pen and lead in the rock for ever! *For I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day on the earth: And though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God: Whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another; though my reins be consumed within me.*”

“Open now,” said he, “the 7th chapter of Revelations.” When I had done so, he continued, ““After this, I beheld, and lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands: and cried with a loud voice, saying, Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb. And all the angels

stood round about the throne, and about the elders, and the four beasts, and fell before the throne on their faces, and worshipped God, saying, Amen : Blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honour, and power, and might, be unto our God for ever and ever. Amen. And one of the elders answered, saying unto me, What are these which are arrayed in white robes ? and whence came they ? And I said unto him, Sir, thou knowest. And he said to me, these are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple : and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more ; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters : and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.' " When he had concluded—he looked towards his father saying, " Come near me now, my father." The old man went to him, and he then leaned himself over against his bosom, and looking into his face, whispered to him—for his voice had again become weak, " this is a Christian's hope, and a Christian's reward—oh ! seek this, my father ! " His head then fell over on his father's neck, and he expired. Thus died he, of whom I may say with truth, as I do with tears,

" Green be the turf above thee,  
Friend of my better days ;  
None knew thee but to love thee,  
Or named thee but to praise."

## LOUGH DEARG PILGRIM.

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**T**HERE is no specimen of Irish superstition equal to that which is to be seen at St. Patrick's Purgatory, in Lough Dearg. A devout Romanist who has not made a pilgrimage to this place, can scarcely urge a bold claim to the character of piety. As soon as a man who is notorious for a villanous and immoral hardihood of character, and has kept aloof from "his duties," thinks proper to give himself up to the spiritual guidance of his priest, he is sent here to wipe out the long arrear of outstanding guilt, for which he is accountable,—to neutralise the evil example of a bad life by this redeeming act of concentrated devotion. It is melancholy to perceive the fatal success to which the Church of Rome has attained, in making void the atonement of Christ by her traditions: and how every part of her complicated, but perfect, system, even to the minutest points, seizes upon some corresponding weakness of the human heart, thereby to bind it to her agreeable and strong delusions. Every spiritual arrangement in her is calculated to turn the steps of the sinner from the Cross of Christ. Has he committed a crime?—he is not taught to look with unfeigned repentance to Him who taketh away the sins of the world; to acknowledge his own vileness, as a sin-

ful and corrupt creature; and to cast his burden upon Christ. No! he must cast it upon some rotten prop—upon St. Francis, upon St. Anthony, upon the blessed Virgin, upon the power of his priest, or upon his own works: all of which rise up in impious competition with the blood of Jesus, rivalling, in the arrogance of human pride, the benefits of his redemption. When he commits a sin, he must confess it to a fellow-sinner; perhaps, to a greater one, too, than himself; he must fast—he must pray—he must shed tears, because he thinks that tears make his contrition perfect; and whilst the mind is distracted or puffed up by the performance of these actions, that have not even the merit of being voluntary, the faith perishes—the heart becomes habituated to self-deception, and the blood of Christ is forgotten in a mechanical routine of deceitful and unprofitable works. Is he sick?—he is not taught to approach, with a trembling hope in the divine mercy through Christ, that awful throne, before which he is shortly to appear—no—he must be anointed by the clergyman—he must confess and receive, and then all anxiety as to the danger of his situation is over—he rests then contented; and ignorant that there can be no way to happiness but through Jesus, he reposes himself upon the intercession of his priest; who, indeed, says his masses for him, and is neither ashamed nor afraid when he attempts to sell the blood of Christ for money; or to exort from the awakened terrors of a guilty conscience, that pitance which charity would apply, to procure him those comforts which the bed of sickness necessarily requires.

I have seen a man who led an outrageously wicked life, seized by an illness which was likely to prove fatal; he became alarmed,—for the horrors of eternity, and the wrathful countenance of an angry

God, seemed kindling before him. It was appalling to hear the groans and shrieks of the miserable man, as he called upon his priest: I never witnessed any thing so solemn. He did not address himself to God; he did not appear to know that there was mercy for him through the Saviour; neither did he call upon Christ; but he expected it through his priest, and he accordingly called upon *him*. The priest came, the sick man confessed to *him*, received absolution, and in less than an hour, I saw that very man quietly reposing on his bed apparently happy. Here was no change of heart, no spiritual view of the character of God,—of his detestation of sin—of the plan of redemption furnished by his son—nor of the simple means by which the benefits of that redemption are communicated to sinners. No; but because he had confessed his sins to the priest—because the priest had read a form of prayer over him, in which neither his heart nor his tongue could join, inasmuch as he did not understand them; and lastly, because he rubbed a little oil on those parts of his body which had been most instrumental in committing sin;—upon these forms, I say, did the spirit of that man rest for his hopes of eternal salvation. Through these, and not through the blood of atonement, did he expect to be reconciled to God, after an ill-spent life; yet how many thousands die, like this man, ignorant of the only means of salvation, in the bosom of a Church calling herself Christian, and claiming holiness as one of the marks peculiar to herself.

It is agreeable to the pride of man to be saved by his own merit; the doctrine recommends itself to the depravity of his nature, for an individual may give himself very large scope, in the commission of crime, who believes, that if he fasts, prays, and confesses for it, he can, by these means, exonerate him-

self from the consequences of guilt. A person who has neglected religion until advanced in years, need not then feel very deep remorse for his dissolute life, nor very serious apprehensions at the hour of death, if he has performed a station to Lough Dearg; thus lulling his old age into a false and treacherous security.

It is a fact, that many an unfortunate sinner runs a career of vice and iniquity on the strength of Lough Dearg; particularly those who reside in that part of the kingdom, where, in consequence of their contiguity to it, a belief in its efficacy is most habitually present in the mind.

I was, at the time of performing this station, in the middle of my nineteenth year—of quick perception—warm imagination—a mind peculiarly romantic—a morbid turn for devotion—a candidate for the priesthood, or what is more technically termed *hignum sacerdotis*, having been made slightly acquainted with Latin, and more slightly still with Greek. At this period, however, all my faculties merged like friendly streams into the large current of my devotion. Of religion I was completely ignorant although I had sustained a very conspicuous part in the devotions of the family, and signalised myself frequently at chapel by taking the lead in a rosary. I had often out-prayed and out-fasted an old bachelor uncle, who lived with us; a feat on which few would have ventured; and I even arrived to such a pitch of perfection at praying, that with the assistance of young and powerful lungs, I was fully able to distance him at any English prayer in which we joined. But in Latin, I must allow, that owing to my knowledge of pronunciation, and to some twitches of conscience I felt on adventuring to imitate him by overleaping this impediment, he was able to throw me back a considerable distance in his turn; so that when we



both started for a *de profundis*, I was always sure to come in second. Owing to all this I was considered a young man of promise, being moreover, as my master often told my father, a youth of prodigious parts and great *cuteness*. Indeed on this subject my master's veracity could not be questioned; because when I first commenced Latin, I was often heard repeating the prescribed tasks in my sleep; a circumstance which, added to my well-proved piety, rubbed up my father's knowledge of calculation, when he enumerated what the income of a bishop might amount to, under the present dynasty; but should emancipation pass, and things turn out as was expected, why the palace of the Protestant bishop of — would be, he would add, smiling placidly, no uncomfortable residence for me; nor *his* income by any means an indifferent fund for establishing all my poor relations. Many of these latter had already, even upon the strength of my priesthood, begun to claim relationship with our family, and before I was nineteen, I found myself godfather to a dozen godsons and as many god-daughters; every one of whom I had with unusual condescension taken under my patronage; and most of the boys were named after myself. Finding that I was thus responsible for so much, in the opinion of my friends, and having the aforesaid character of piety to sustain, I found it indispensable to make the pilgrimage. Not that I considered myself a sinner, or by any means bound to go from *that* motive, for although the opinion of my friends, as to my talents and sanctity, was exceedingly high, yet, I assure you, it cut but a very indifferent figure, when compared with my own on both these subjects. I very well remember that the first sly attempt I ever made at a miracle was in reference to Lough Dearg; I tried it by way of preparation for my pilgrimage. I heard that there

had been a boat lost there, about the year 1796, and that a certain priest who was in her as a passenger, had walked very calmly across the lake to the island, after the boat and the rest of the passengers in her had all gone to the bottom. Now, I had, from my childhood, a particular prejudice against sailing in a boat, although Dick Darcy, a satirical and heathenish old bachelor, who never went to mass, the very reverse of my uncle, used often to tell me, with a grin which I never was able rightly to understand, that I might have no prejudice against sailing, "because," Dick would say, "take my word for it you'll never die by drowning." At all events, I thought to myself, that should any such untoward accident occur to me, it would be no unpleasant circumstance to imitate him; but that it would be infinitely more agreeable to make the first experiment in a marlpit, on my father's farm, than on the lake. Accordingly, after three days' fasting and praying for the power of not sinking in water, I slipped very quietly down to the pit, and after reconnoitering the premises, to be sure there was no looker-on, I approached the brink.—At this moment my heart beat high with emotion, my soul was wrapt up to a most enthusiastic pitch of faith, and my whole spirit absorbed in feelings, where hope—doubt—gleams of uncertainty—visions of future eminence—twitches of fear—reflections on my expertness in swimming—on the success of the water-walking priest aforementioned—and on the depth of the pond—had all insisted on an equal share of attention. At the edge of the pit grew large water-lilies, with their leaves spread over the surface. It is singular to reflect upon what slight and ridiculous circumstances the mind will seize, when wound up in this manner to a pitch of superstitious absurdity. I am really ashamed, even whilst writing this, of the confidence I put for

a moment in a treacherous water-lily, as its leaf lay spread so smoothly and broadly over the surface of the pond, as if to lure my foot to the experiment. However, after having stimulated myself by a fresh pater and ave, I advanced, my eyes turned up enthusiastically to heaven—my hands resolutely clenched—my teeth locked together—my nerves set—and my whole soul strong in confidence—I advanced, I say, and lest I might give myself time to cool from this divine glow, I made a monstrous stride, planting my right foot exactly in the middle of the treacherous water-lily leaf, and the next moment was up to the neck in water. Here was devotion cooled. Happily I was able to bottom the pool, or could swim very well if necessary; so I had not much difficulty in getting out. As soon as I found myself on the bank, I waited not to make reflections, but with a rueful face set off at full speed for my father's house, which was not far distant; the water all the while whizzing out of my clothes, by the rapidity of the motion, as it does from a water-spaniel after having been in that element. It is singular to think what a strong authority vanity has over the principles and passions in the weakest and strongest moments of both; I never was remarkable at that open, ingenuous period of my life, for secrecy; yet did I now take especial care not to invest either this attempt at the miraculous, or its concomitant failure, with any thing like narration. It was, however, an act of devotion that had a vile effect on my lungs, for it gave me a cough that was intolerable: and I never felt the infirmities of humanity more than in this ludicrous attempt to get beyond them; in which, by the way, I was near being more successful than I had intended, though in a different sense. This happened a month before I started for Lough Dearg.

It was about six o'clock of a delightful morning in the pleasant month of July, when I set out upon my pilgrimage, with a single change of linen in my pocket, and a pair of discarded shoes upon my bare feet: for in compliance with the general rule I wore no stockings. The sun looked down upon all nature with great good-humour—every thing smiled around me, and as I passed for a few miles across an upland country, which stretched down from a chain of dark rugged mountains that lay westward, I could not help feeling, although the feeling was indeed checked, that the scene was exhilarating. The rough upland was, in several places, diversified with green spots of cultivated land, with some wood, consisting of an old venerable plantation of mountain pine, that hung on the convex sweep of a large knoll away to my right—with a broad sheet of lake that curled to the fresh arrowy breeze of morning on which a variety of waterfowl were flapping their wings, or skimming along, leaving a troubled track on the peaceful waters behind them—there were also deep intersections of precipitous or sloping glens, graced with hazel, holly, and every description of copse-wood. On other occasions, I have drunk deeply of pleasure, when in the midst of this scenery, bearing about me the young, free, and bounding spirit, its first edge of enjoyment unblunted by the collision of base minds and stony hearts, against which experience justles us in maturer life.

The dew hung shining upon the leaves, and fell in little pattering showers from the trees, as a linnnet, alarmed at my approach, would spring from the branch and leave it vibrating in the air behind her: the early challenge of the cock grouse, and the *quick-go-quick* of the quail were cheerfully uttered on all sides. The rapid martins twittered

with peculiar glee, or in the light caprice of their mirth, placed themselves for a moment upon the edge of a scaur, or earthly precipice, in which their nests were built, and then shot off again to mingle with the careering and joyful flock, that cut the air in every direction. Where is the heart which could not enjoy such a morning scene? Under any other circumstances, it would have enchanted me; but here, in fact, that intensity of spirit which is necessary to the due contemplation of beautiful prospects was transferred to the gloomier object. I was under the influence of a feeling quite new to me. It was not pleasure, nor was it pain, but a chillness of soul which proceeded from the gloomy and severe task that I had undertaken—a task which, when I considered the danger and the advantages annexed to its performance, was sufficient to abstract me from every other object. It was really the first exercise of that jealous spirit of mistaken devotion, which keeps the soul in perpetual sickness, and invests the *innocent* enjoyments of life with a character of sin and severity.

It was this gloomy demon that could alone have strangled in their birth those sensations which the wisdom of God had given as a security in some degree against sin, by opening to the heart of man sources of pleasure, for which the soul is not compelled to barter away her innocence, as in those of a grosser nature. I may be wrong in analysing the sensation, but for the first time in my life I felt anxious and unhappy; yet, according to my own opinions, I should have been otherwise. I was startled myself at what I experienced, and began to consider it as a secret intimation that I had chosen a wrong time for my journey. I even felt as if it would not prosper—as if some accident or misfortune would befall me ere my return. The

boat might sink as in 1796—this was quite alarming. The miraculous experiment on the pond here occurred to me with full force, and came before my imagination in a new point of view. The drenching I got had a deep and fearful meaning. It was ominous—it was prophetic—and sent by a merciful Providence to deter me from attempting the pilgrimage at this peculiar time—perhaps on this particular day; to-morrow the spell might be broken, the danger past, and the difference of a single day could be nothing. Just at this moment an unlucky hare, starting from an adjoining thicket scudded across my path, as if to fill up the measure of these ominous predictions. I paused, and my foot was on the very turn to the right-about, when instantly a thought struck me which produced a re-action in my imagination. Might not all this be the temptation of the devil suggested to prevent me from performing this blessed work? Might not the hare itself be some—in short the counter-current carried me with it; I had commenced my journey and every one knows that when a man commences a journey it is unlucky to turn back. On I went, but still with a subdued and melancholy tone of feeling. If I met a cheerful countryman, his mirth found no kindred spirit in me; on the contrary, my taciturnity seemed to infect him, for after several ineffectual attempts at conversation, he gradually became silent, or hummed a tune to himself, and on parting, bade me a short doubtful kind of good day, looking over his shoulder, as he departed, with a face of scrutiny and surprise.

After getting five or six miles across the country, I came out on one of those by-roads, which run independently of all advantages of locality, “up hill and down brae,” from one little obscure village to another. These roads are generally paved with

round broad stones, laid curiously together in longitudinal rows, like the buttons on a school-boy's jacket, Owing to the infrequency of travellers on them, they are quite overgrown with grass, except in one stripe along the middle, which is kept naked by the hoofs of horses and the tread of foot passengers. There is some tradition connected with these roads, or the manner of their formation which I do not remember.

At last I came out upon the main road; and you will be pleased to imagine to yourself the figure of a tall, gaunt, gawkish young man, dressed in a good suit of black cloth, with shirt and cravat like snow, striding solemnly along, without shoe or stocking; for about this time, I was twelve miles from home, and blisters had already risen upon my feet, in consequence of the dew having got into my shoes, which at the best were enough to cut up any man; I had therefore to strip and carry my shoes—one in my pocket, and another stuffed in my hat; being thus with great reluctance compelled to travel barefoot: yet I soon turned even this to account, when I reflected that it would enhance the merit of my pilgrimage, and that every fresh blister would bring down a fresh blessing. 'Tis true I was nettled to the soul on perceiving the face of a labourer on the way-side, or of a traveller who met me, gradually expanding into a broad sarcastic grin, as such an unaccountable figure passed him. But these I soon began to suspect were Protestant grins; for none but heretics would presume by any means to give me a sneer. The Romans taking me for a priest, were sure to doff their hats to me, or if they wore none, as is not unfrequent when at labour, they would catch their forelocks with their finger and thumb, and bob down their heads in act of veneration. This attention of my brethren more

than compensated for the mirth of all other sects ; in fact their mistaking me for a priest began to give me a good opinion of myself, and perfectly reconciled me to the fatiguing severity of the journey.

I have had occasion to remark, while upon this pilgrimage, or rather long afterwards,—for I was but little versed *then* in the science of reflection—that it is impossible to calculate upon the capabilities of either body or mind, until they are drawn out by some occasion of peculiar interest, in which either or both are thrown upon their own energies and resources. In my own opinion, the great secret or the directing principle of all enterprise rests in the motive of action ; for, whenever a suitable interest can be given to the principles of human conduct, the person bound by, and feeling that interest, will not only perform as much as could possibly be expected from his natural powers, but he will recruit his energies, by drawing in all the adventitious aid, which the various relations of that interest, as they extend to other objects, are capable of affording him. There is no such practical philosopher—no such unrivalled politician—as the Church of Rome. Her doctrines, if properly examined, are nothing but human nature delineated. She exhibits one of the most admirable systems which the world ever saw, or ever will see, for strengthening in the mind of man, whatever is calculated to render him satisfied with her authority. She has also contrived to exercise that authority over him through the means of these faculties which turn whatever they touch into pleasure ; so that, according to her economy, the most base and shameful degradations are elevated into a fictitious dignity, by superinducing upon the heart of the votary, motives which give a siren music to the spirit, and smooth that path which he once believed to be the rugged one. This is



really her secret : she teaches her followers to believe, that the way on which they advance, if they observe her ceremonies, is the difficult path which leads to happiness ; and whilst those who observe their progress think them travelling on a path of thorns, they themselves believe it to be one of flowers. It was amazing to observe the vigour and perseverance with which feeble, sickly old creatures performed the necessary austerities of this dreadful pilgrimage ; creatures, who, if put to the same fatigue, on any other business, would at once sink under it ; but the motive supplied energy, and the infirmities of nature borrowed new strength from the deep and ardent devotion of the spirit.

The first that I suspected to be fellow-pilgrims were two women whom I overtook upon the way. They were dressed in gray cloaks, striped red and blue petticoats ; drugged, or linsey-wolsey gowns, that came within about three inches of their ankles. Each had a small white bag slung at her back, which contained the scanty provisions for the journey, and the *sconns* (round oaten cakes) crisp and hard baked for the pilgrimage to the lake. The hoods of their cloaks fell down their backs, and each dame had a spotted cotton kerchief pinned round her *dowd* cap at the chin, whilst the remainder of it fell down the shoulders, over the cloaks. Each had also a staff in her hand, which she held in a manner peculiar to a travelling woman—that is, with her hand round the upper end of it, her right thumb extended across its head, and her arm from the elbow down parallel with the horizon. The form of each, owing to the want of that spinal strength and vigour which characterise the erect gait of man, was bent a little forward, and this, joined to the idea produced by the nature of their journey, gave to them something of an ardent and devoted character, such as the mind

and the eye would seek for in a pilgrim. I saw them at some distance before me, and knew by the staves and white bags behind them, that they were bound for Lough Dearg. I accordingly stretched out a little that I might overtake them; for in consequence of the absorbing nature of my own reflections, my journey had hitherto been a solitary one, and I felt that society would relieve me. I was not a little surprised, however, on finding that as soon as I topped one height of the road, I was sure to find my two old ladies a competent distance before me in the hollow, (most of the northern roads are of this nature,) and that when I got to the bottom, I was as sure to perceive their heads topping the next hill, and then gradually sinking out of my sight. I was surprised at this, and perhaps a little nettled, that a fresh active young fellow should not have sufficient mettle readily to overtake two women. I *did* stretch out, therefore, with some vigour, yet it was not till after a chase of two miles or so, that I found myself abreast of them.

As soon as they noticed me they dropped a courtesy each, addressing me at the same time as a clergyman, and I returned their salutation with all due gravity. Upon my inquiring how far they had travelled that day, it appeared that they had actually performed a journey seven miles longer than mine: "We needn't ax your reverence if you're for the Islan'?" said one of them. "I am," I replied, not caring to undeceive her as to my reverentiality:—Ah! Sir, the heart of man is treacherous and deceitful to itself, nor is the tiger more ravenous of blood than it is of authority and power. I know not how it is, but there is a charm in the clerical office, as it is exercised in the Romish Church, that is not associated with it in any other. In Eastern despotisms, where the monarch can scarcely call the head upon his shoulders

his own, we know that the throne is beset with candidates, although he who fills it there, holds life on a perilous, if not on a fatal tenure. What then must not an obscure young man feel, on being transferred from the lowest state of society, to an office in which he finds that every one of his own faith looks upon him as the representative of God, and as clothed with his authority.—This is indeed the most intoxicating of all power, for it has the idea of something beyond mortality annexed to it, and possesses all the fascinations of despotism, without its danger or its responsibility. Not that there is in this principle, during the first stages of its existence, any precise disposition to tyranny: the feeling, on the contrary, is purely one of pride and selfishness; and indeed the authority which may subsequently be drawn into positive influence from these two principles, is, if the situation of a Romish priest be considered, very difficult to be resisted. He seldom has any experience of life, or of human nature, when he enters upon his clerical office; he is therefore the creature of his first-ravenous inclination to exercise its privileges. Let us not wonder then, if he is rapacious in exacting homage, and even ready to lend himself to such delusions as are best fitted to exalt his personal character and importance in the eyes of his people; for the latter are sunk to such a state of grossness on this point, that if a priest were candid and conscientious enough to undeceive them, he would lose their good opinion, and be looked upon as wavering into heresy.

In the midst, therefore, of all my sanctity I felt proud of the old woman's mistake as to my priesthood, and really had not so much ready virtue about me, on the occasion, as was sufficient to undeceive her. I was even thankful to her for the inquiry, and thought, on a closer inspection, I perceived an

uncommon portion of good sense and intelligence in her face. "My very excellent, worthy woman," said I, "how is it that you are able to travel at such a rate, when one would suppose you should be fatigued by this time, after so long a journey?" "Musha!" said she, "but yer reverence ought to know that." I felt puzzled at this. "How should I know it?" said I. "I'm shure," she continued, "you cudn't expect a poor ould crathur o' sixty to travel at this rate, at all, at all, except for razons, your reverence"—looking towards me quite confidently and knowingly. This was still more oracular, and I felt very odd under it; my character for devotion was at stake, and I feared that the old lady was drawing me into a kind of vicious circle. "Your reverence knows, that fur the likes o' me, that can hardly hirsle to the market iv a Sathurday, Lord help me! an' home agin, for to travel at this rate, would be impossible, any how, except," she added, "for what I'm carrian', Sir, blessed be God for id!"—peering at me again with a more knowing and triumphant look. "Why, that's true," said I, thoughtfully; and then assuming a bit of the sacerdotal privilege, and suddenly raising my voice, although I was as innocent as the child unborn of her meaning,— "that's true; but now as you appear to be a sensible, pious woman, I hope you understand the nature of what you *are* carrying—and in a proper manner, too, for you know that's the chief point." "Why, Father-dear, I do my best, avourneen; an' I ought iv a sartinty to know id, belase blessed Friar Hagan spent three days instructin' Mat and myself in id; an' more betoken, that Mat sent him a sack iv phaties, an' a bag iv oats for his trouble, not forgettin' the goose he got from myself, the Micklemas afther."—"Arrah how long is that ago, Katty a-haygur?" "Ten years," said Katty. "Oh!

it's more, I'm thinkin'; it's ten years since poor Dick, God rest his sowl, died, and this was full two years afore that: but no matther, agra, I'll let your reverence hear the prayer, at any rate." She here repeated an Irish prayer to the Blessed Virgin, of which that beginning with "Hail Holy Queen!" in the Roman Catholic prayer-books is a translation. While she was repeating the prayer, I observed her hand in her bosom, apparently extricating something, which on being brought out, proved to be a scapular; she held it up, that I might see it: "Yer reverence," said she, "this is the ninth journey iv the kind I made; but you don't wonder *now*, I bleeve, how stoutly I'm able to stump it." "You really do stump it stoutly, as you say," I replied. "Ay," said she, "an' not a wan o' me but's as weak as a cat, at home, scarce can put a han' to any thing; but then, your reverence, my eldest daughter, Ellish, jist minds the house, an' lets the ould mother mind the prayers, as I'm not able to do a han's thurn, worth namin'." "But you appear to be stout and healthy," I observed, "if a person may judge by your looks." "Glory be to them that giv id to me then; *that* I am at the present time, *padre deelish*. But don't you know I'm always so durin' this journey; I've a wicket heart-burn that torments the very life out o' me, all the year roun' till this, and what 'ud your reverence think, but it's shure to lave me clear and clane, a fortnight or so afore I come here; never wanst feels a bit iv id, while I rouse and prepare myself for the Islan', nor for a month after I come here agen: *Glory Dhia agas a wurriah!*" (Glory to God and the Virgin! a common phrase!) She then turned to her companion, and commenced in a voice half audible—"Musha! Katty a-haygur, did ye iver lay your two livin' eyes on so young a priest? a sweet and holy crathur he is, no doubt,

and has goodness in his face, the Lord may bless him." "Musha!" says she, "bud your reverence can't be long afther been *ordaned*, I'm thinkin'." "Well, that's very strange," said I, evading her, "so you tell me your heartburn leaves you, and that you get stout every year about the time of your pilgrimage?" "An' troth an' I do!—what am I sayin'? *Indeed*, Sir, may be that's more than I can say, either your reverence: but for sartin it is"—"Do you mean that it is, or that it is not?" I inquired. "Indeed, your reverence, you jist hot it—the Lord bless you, and spare you to the parents that reared ye; an' proud people may they be at having the likes iv 'im, Katty, avourneen"—turning abruptly to Katty, that she might disarm my interrogatories on this tender subject with a better grace—"proud people, as I said afore, the Lord may spare him to them." We here topped a little hill, and saw the spire of a steeple, and the skirts of a country town, which a passenger told us was about three miles distant.

My feet by this time were absolutely in griskins, nor was I by any means prepared for a most unexpected proposal, which the spokeswoman after some private conversation with the other, undertook to make. I could not imagine what the purport of the dialogue was; but I easily saw, that I myself was the subject of it, for I could perceive them glance at me occasionally, as if they felt a degree of hesitation in laying down the matter for my approval; at length she opened it with great adroitness: "Musha, an' to be sure he will, Katty dear an' darlin'—and mightn't you know he wud—the refusin' to do it isn't in his face, as any body that has eyes to see may know—*you* ashamed—and what fur wud ye be ashamed?—astore it's 'imself that's not proud, or he wouldn't tramp it, barefooted, along wud two ould

crathurs like huz ; him that has no sin to answer fur.—but I'll spake to 'im myself, and ye'll see it's he that won't refuse id. Arrah! your reverence, but Katty an' I war thinkin', that as there's ony three iv iz, an' the town's afore iz, where we'll rest a while, plase God—for by that time the shower that's away over there will be comin' down;—that as there's but three iv iz, would it be any harm if we sed a bit of a rosary, and your reverence to join us?" This was, indeed, a most unexpected attack; but it was evident that I was set down by this curious woman as a paragon of piety: though indeed her object was rather to smoothe the way in my mind, for what she intended should be a very excellent opinion of her own godliness.

I looked about me, and as far as my eye could reach, the road appeared solitary. I did, 'tis true, debate the matter with myself, *pro* and *con*, for I felt the absurdity of my situation, and of this abrupt proposal, more than I was willing to suppose I did. Still, thought I, it is a serious thing to refuse praying with this poor woman, because she is poor—God is no respecter of persons—this too is a rosary to the Blessed Virgin; besides nothing can be too humbling for a person when once engaged in this holy station—"So, Pride, I trample you under my feet," said I to myself, at a moment when the appearance of a respectable person on the road would have routed all my humility. I complied, however, with a very condescending grace, and to it we went. The old women pulled out their beads, and I got my hat, which had one of my shoes in it, under my arm. They requested that I would open the rosary which I did: and thus we kept tossing the ball of prayer from one to another along the way, whilst I was bending and sinking on the hard gravel in perfect agony.

But we had not gone far, when the shower, which we did not suppose would have fallen until we should reach the town, began to descend with greater bounty than we were at all prepared for, or than I was, at least; for I had no outside coat: but indeed the morning was so beautiful, that rain was scarcely to be apprehended. With respect to the old lady, she appeared to be better acquainted with the necessary preparations for such a journey, than I could be: for as soon as the shower became heavy, (and it fell very heavily) she whipped off her cloak, and before I could say a syllable to the contrary, had it pinned about me. She then drew out of a large four-cornered pocket of red cloth, that hung at her side, a hare's skin cap, which, in a twinkling was on her own cranium. But what was most singular, considering the heat of the weather, was the appearance of an excellent frieze jacket, such as porters and draymen usually wear, with two outside pockets on the sides, into one of which she drove her arm up to the elbow, and in the other hand carried her staff like a man—I thought she wore the cap too, a little to the one side on her head. Indeed a more ludicrous appearance could scarcely be conceived than she now exhibited. I, on the other hand, cut an original figure, being six feet high, with a short grey cloak pinned tightly about me, my black cassimere small-clothes peeping below it—my long, yellow, polar legs, unincumbered with calves, quite naked; a good hat over the cloak—but no shoes on my feet, marching thus gravely upon my pilgrimage, with two such figures.

In this singular costume did we advance, the rain all the time falling in torrents. The town, however, was not far distant, and we arrived at a little thatched house, where “dry lodgin” was offered above the door, both to “man and baste;”



and never did an unfortunate group stand more in need of *dry* lodging, for we were wet to the skin. On entering the town, we met a carriage, in which were a gentleman and two ladies: I chanced to be walking a little before the woman, but could perceive by casting a glance into the carriage, that they were in convulsions with laughter; to which I have strong misgivings of having contributed in no ordinary degree. But I felt more indignant at the wit, forsooth, of the well-fed serving man, behind the coach, who should also have his joke upon us; for as we passed, he turned to my companion, whom he addressed as a male personage—"And why, you old villain, do you drive your cub to the 'island' pinioned in such a manner,—give him the use of his arms,"—thus intimating that I was a booby son of hers, in leading strings. The old lady looked at him with a very peculiar expression of countenance; I thought she smiled, but never did a smile appear to me so pregnant with bitterness and cursing scorn. "Ay," said she, "there goes a well-fed heretic, that neither fasts nor prays—*his* God is his belly—they *have* the fat of the land for the present, your reverence, but wait a bit. In the mane time, we had betther get in here a little, till this shower passes—ye see the sun's beginnin' to brighten behind the rain, so it can't last long: and a bit of breakfast will do none iv iz any harm." We then entered the house aforesaid, which presented a miserable prospect for refreshment; but as I was in some measure identified with my fellow-travellers, I could not with a good grace give them up. I had not at the time the least experience in life, was incapable of that discrimination which guides some people, as it were by instinct, in choosing their society, and had altogether but a poor notion of the more refined decorums of life. When we got in, the equivocal lady began to

exercise some portion of authority. "Come," said she, "here's a clargyman, and you had better lose no time in gettin' his reverence his breakfast;" then, said the civil creature to the mistress, in the same kind of half-audible tone,—“Avourneen, if you have any thing comfortable, get it for 'im; he is generous, an' will pay you well for id; a blessed crathur he is, too, as ever brought good luck under yer roof; Lord luv ye, af ye hard him discoursin' uz along the road, as if he was wan iv ourselves, mild and sweet; I'm shure I'll always have a good opinion iv myself, for puttin' on the jacket this bout, at any rate, as I was able to spare his reverence the cloak, a-haygur! the mild crathur!”

While my fellow-traveller was thus talking, I had time to observe that the woman of the house was a cleanly-looking creature, with something of a sickly appearance. An old gray-headed man sat in something between a chair and a stool, formed of one solid piece of ash, supported by three legs sloping outwards; the seat of it was quite smooth by long use, and a circular row of rungs, capped by a piece of semicircular wood, shaped to receive the reclining body of whoever might occupy it, rose from the seat in presumptuous imitation of an arm-chair. There were two other chairs beside this, but the remainder of the seats were all stools. The room was square, with a bed in each of the corners adjoining the fire, covered with blue drugget quilts, stoutly quilted; there was another room in which travellers slept. Opposite me on the wall was the appropriate picture of St. Patrick himself, with his crosier in his hand, driving all kinds of venomous reptiles out of the kingdom. The Hermit of Killarney was on his right, and the Yarmouth Tragedy, or *the dolorous* history of Jemmy and Nancy, two unfortunate lovers, on his left. Such

is the rigorous economy of a pilgrimage, and such the circumstances of the greater part of those who undertake it, that it is to houses of this description the generality of them resort. These "dry lodging" houses may not improperly be called pilgrims' inns, a great number of them being opened only during the continuance of the three months in which the stations are performed.

Breakfast was now got ready, but it was evident that my two companions had not been taken into account; for there was "an equipage" only for one. I inquired from my speaking partner if she and her fellow-traveller would not breakfast. The only reply I received was a sorrowful shake of the head, and "No, avourneen machree, no!" in quite an exhausted cadence. On hearing this, the kind landlady gave them a look of uncommon pity, exclaiming at the same time, as if in communication with her own feelings, "Musha, God pity them, the poor crathurs; an' they surely can't bud be both wake an' hungry after sich a journey, this blessed an' broilin' day—och! och! if I had it, or could afford it, an' they shouldn't want, any way—arrah won't yees thry and ate a bit iv sumthin'?" addressing herself to them. "Och, then, no; a lanna, bud I'd jist thank ye for a dhrink iv cowld wather, if ye plase; an' that may be strengthenin' uz a bit." I saw at once that their own little stock of provisions, if they really had any, was too scanty to allow the simple creatures the indulgence of a regular meal; still I thought they might, if they felt so weak, have taken even a slight refreshment from their bags. However, I was bound in honour, and also in charity, to give them their breakfast, which I ordered accordingly for them both, it being, I considered, only fair, that as we had prayed together we should eat together. Whilst we were at breakfast, the land-

lady, with a piece of foresight for which I afterwards thanked her, warmed a pot of water, in which my feet were bathed, laid my shoes on their sides upon the hearth-stone, where they were soon quite dry—then took out of a large three-cornered pin-cushion with tassels, which hung at her side, a darning needle, and having threaded it, she drew a white woollen thread several times along a piece of soap, pressing it down with her thumb until it was quite soapy—this she drew very tenderly through the blisters which were risen on my feet, cutting it at both ends, and leaving a part of it in the blister. It is decidedly the best remedy that ever was tried, for I can declare that during the remainder of my pilgrimage, not one of *these* blisters gave me the least pain.

When breakfast was over, and these kind attentions performed, we set out once more ; and from this place, I remarked, as we advanced, that an odd traveller would fall in upon the way : so that before we had gone many miles farther, the fatigue of the journey was much lessened by the society of the pilgrims. These were now collected into little groups, of from three to a dozen each, with the exception of myself and one or two others of a decanter cast, having the staff and bag. The chat and anecdote were, upon the whole, very amusing ; but although there was a great variety of feature, character, and costume among so many, as must always be the case where people of different lives, habits, and pursuits, are brought together ; still I could perceive that there was a shade of strange ruminating abstraction apparent on all. I could observe the cheerful narrator relapse into a temporary gloom, or a fit of desultory reflection, as some train of thought would suddenly rise in his mind. I could sometimes perceive a shade of pain, perhaps of anguish, darken the coun-

tenance of another, as if a bitter recollection was awakened; yet this often changed, by an unexpected transition, to a gleam of joy and satisfaction, as if a quick sense or hope of relief flashed across his heart. When we came near Petigo, the field for observation was much enlarged. The road was then literally alive with pilgrims, and reminded me, as far as numbers were concerned, of the multitudes that flock to market on a fair day. Petigo is a snug little town, three or four miles from the lake, where the pilgrims all sleep on the night before the commencement of their stations. When we were about five or six miles from it, the road presented a singular variety of grouping. There were men and women of all ages, from the sprouting devotee of twelve, to the hoary, tottering pilgrim of eighty, creeping along, bent over his staff, to perform this soul-saving work, and die.

Such is the reverence in which this celebrated place is held, that as we drew near it, I remarked the conversation to become slack: every face put on an appearance of solemnity and thoughtfulness, and no man was inclined to relish the conversation of his neighbour, or to speak himself. The very women were silent. Even the lassitude of the journey was unfelt, and the unfledged pilgrim, as he looked up in his father's or mother's face would catch the serious and severe expression he saw there, and trot silently on, forgetting that he was fatigued.

For my part, I felt the spirit of the scene strongly, yet, perhaps, not with such an *exclusive* interest as others. I had not only awe, terror, enthusiasm, pride, and devotion to manage, but suffered heavy annoyance from the inroad of a villanous curiosity, which would thrust itself among the statelier feelings of the occasion, and set all attempts to restrain

it at defiance. It was a sad bar to my devotions, which, but for its intrusion, I might have conducted with more meritorious steadiness. How, for instance, was it possible for me to register the transgressions of my whole life, heading them under the "seven deadly sins," with such a prospect before me as the beautiful waters and shores of Lough Erne?

Despite of all the solemnity about me, my unmanageable eye would turn from the very blackest of the seven deadly offences, and the stoutest of the four cardinal virtues, to the beetling, abrupt, and precipitous rocks which hung over the lake as if ready to tumble into its waters. I broke away, too from several "acts of contrition," to conjecture whether the dark, shadowy inequalities which terminated the horizon, and penetrated, methought, into the very skies, far beyond the lake, were mountains or clouds: a dark problem, which to this day I have not been able to solve. Nay, I was taken twice, despite of the most virtuous efforts to the contrary, from a *Salve Regina*, to watch a little skiff, which shone with its snowy sail spread before the radiant evening sun, and glided over the waters, like an angel sent on some happy message. In fact, I found my heart on the point of corruption, by indulging in what I had set down in my vocabulary as the lust of the eye, and had some faint surmise that I was plunging into obduracy. I accordingly made a private mark with the nail of my thumb, on the "act of contrition" in my prayer-book, and another on the *Salve Regina*, that I might remember to confess for these devilish wanderings. But what all my personal piety could not effect, a lucky turn in the road accomplished, by bringing me from the view of the lake: and thus ended my temptations and my defeats on these points.

When we got into Petigo, we found the lodging-

houses considerably crowded. I contrived, however, to establish myself as well as another, and in consequence of my black dress, and the garrulous industry of my epicene companion, who stuck close to me all along, was treated with more than common respect. And here I was deeply impressed with the remarkable contour of many visages, which I had now a better opportunity of examining than while on the road. There seemed every description of guilt, and every degree of religious feeling, mingled together in the same mass, and all more or less subdued by the same principle of abrupt and gloomy abstraction.

There was a little man dressed in a turned black coat and drab cassimere small-clothes, who struck me as a remarkable figure; his back was long, his legs and thighs short, and he walked on the edge of his feet. He had a pale, sorrowful face, with bags hung under his eyes, drooping eyelids, no beard, no brows, and no chin: for in the place of the two latter, there was a slight frown where the brows ought to have been, and a curve in the place of the chin, merely perceptible from the bottom of his underlip to his throat. He wore his own hair, which was a light bay, so that you could scarcely distinguish it from a wig. I was given to understand that he was a religious tailor under three blessed orders.

There was another round-shouldered man, with black twinkling eyes, plump face, rosy cheeks, and nose twisted at the top. In his character humour appeared to be the predominant principle. He was evidently an original, and, I am sure, had the knack of turning the ludicrous side of every object towards him. His eye would roll about from one person to another, while fingering his beads; with an expression of humour, something like delight, beaming from his fixed, steady countenance, and when any

thing that would have been particularly worthy of a joke met his glance, I could perceive a tremulous twinkle of the eye intimating his inward enjoyment. I think still this jocular abstinence was to him the severest part of the pilgrimage. I asked him was he ever at the "island" before; he peered into my face with a look that infected me with risibility, without knowing why, shrugged up his shoulders, looked into the fire, and said, "no," with a dry emphatic cough after it; as much as to say, you may apply my answer to the future as well as to the past. Religion, I thought, was giving him up, or sent him here as a last resource. He spoke to nobody.

A little behind the humourist sat a very tall, thin, important-looking personage, dressed in a shabby black coat; there was a cast of severity and self-sufficiency in his face, which at once indicated him to be a man of office and authority, little accustomed to have his own will disputed. I was not wrong in my conjecture, he was a classical schoolmaster, and was pompously occupied when I first saw him, in reading through his spectacles, with his head raised aloft, the seven Penitential Psalms in Latin, out of the Key of Paradise, to a circle of women and children, along with two or three men in frieze coats, who listened with profound attention.

A little to the right of Syntax, were a man and woman—the man engaged in teaching the woman a Latin charm against the colic, to which it seems she was subject. Although they all, for the most part, who were in the large room about us, prayed aloud, yet by fastening the attention on any particular person, you could hear what he said. I therefore heard the words of this charm, and as my memory is not bad, I still remember them; they ran thus:



*Petrus sedebat super lapidem marmoreum juxta ædem Jerusalem et dolebat, Jesus veniebat et rogabat "Petre quid aoles?" "Doleo vento ventre." Surge Patre et sanus esto. Et quicumque hæc verba non scripta sed memoriter tradita recitat nunquam dolebit vento ventre.*

These are the words literally, but I need not say, that had the poor woman sat there since, she would not have them yet impressed on her memory.

There was also other countenances in which a man might almost read the histories of their owners. Methought I could perceive the lurking, unsubdued spirit of the battered rake, in the leer of his roving eye, whilst he performed, in the teeth of his flesh, blood, and principles, the rotten vow to which the shrinking spirit, at the approach of death, on the bed of sickness, clung, as to its salvation; for it was evident that superstition only exacted from libertinism what fear and ignorance had promised her.

I could note the selfish, griping miser, betraying his own soul, and holding a false promise to his heart, as with lank jaw, keen eye, and brow knit with anxiety for the safety of his absent wealth, he joined some group, eager if possible to defraud them even of the benefit of their prayers, and attempting to practise that knavery upon heaven, which had been so successful upon earth.

I could see the man of years, I thought, withering away under the disconsolation of an ill-spent life, old without peace, and gray without wisdom, flattering himself that he is religious because he prays, and making a merit of offering to God that which Satan has rejected; thinking, too, that he has withdrawn from sin, because the ability of committing it has left him, and taking credit for subduing his propensities, although they have only died in his nature.

I could mark, too, I fancied, the stiff, set features of the Pharisee, affecting to instruct others, that he might show his own superiority, and descanting on the merits of works, that his hearers might know he performed them himself.

I could also observe the sly, demure overdoings of the hypocrite, and mark the deceitful lines of grave meditation running along that part of his countenance where in others the front of honesty lies open and expanded. I could trace him when he got beyond his depth, where the want of sincerity in religion betrayed him into ignorance of its forms.

I could note the scowling, sharp-visaged bigot, wrapt up in the nice observance of trifles, correcting others, if the object of their supplications embraced any thing within a whole hemisphere of heresy, and not so much happy because he thought himself *in* the way of salvation, as because he thought others *out* of it—a consideration which sent pleasure tingling to his fingers' ends.

But notwithstanding all this, I noticed, through the gloom of the place, many who were actuated by genuine, unaffected piety, from whom charity and kindness beamed forth through all the disadvantages around them. Such people, for the most part, prayed in silence and alone. Whenever I saw a man or woman anxious to turn away their faces, and separate themselves from the flocks of gregarious mummers, I seldom failed to witness the outpouring of a contrite spirit. I have certainly seen, in several instances, the tear of heartfelt repentance bedew the sinner's cheek. I observed one peculiarly interesting female who struck me very much. In personal beauty she was lovely—her form perfectly symmetrical, and she evidently belonged to rather a better order of society. Her dress was plain, though her garments were by no means com-

mon. She could scarcely be twenty, and yet her face told a tale of sorrow, of deep, wasting, desolating sorrow. As the prayers, hymns and religious conversations which went on, were peculiar to the place, time, and occasion—it being near the hour of rest—she probably did not feel that reluctance in going to pray in presence of so many which she otherwise would have felt. She kept her eye on a certain female who had a remote dusky corner to pray in, and the moment she retired from it, this young creature went up and there knelt down. But what a contrast to the calm, unconscious, and insipid mummery which went on at the moment through the whole room! Her prayer was short, and she had neither book nor beads; but the heavings of her bosom, and her suppressed sobs sufficiently proclaimed her sincerity. Her petition indeed seemed to go to heaven from a broken heart. When it was finished, she remained a few moments on her knees, and dried her eyes with her handkerchief. As she rose up, I could mark the modest, timid glance, and the slight blush as she presented herself again among the company, where all were strangers. I thought she appeared, though in the midst of such a number, to be wofully and pitifully alone.

As for my own companion, she absolutely made the grand tour of all the praying knots on the premises, having taken a very tolerable bout with each. There were two qualities in which she shone pre-eminent—voice and distinctness; for she gave by far the loudest and most monotonous chant. Her visage was also remarkable, for her complexion resembled the dark, dingy red of a winter apple. She had a pair of very piercing black eyes, with which, while kneeling with her body thrown back upon her heels as if they were a cushion, she scruti-

nised, at her ease, every one in the room, rocking herself gently from side to side. The poor creature paid a marked attention to the interesting young woman I have just mentioned. At last, they dropped off one by one to bed, that they might be up early the next morning for the Lough, with the exception of some half dozen, more long-winded than the rest, whose voices I could hear at their sixth rosary, in the rapid elevated tone peculiar to the Catholics, until I fell asleep.

The next morning when I awoke, I joined with all haste the aggregate crowds that proceeded in masses towards the lake—or Purgatory—which lies amongst the hills that extend to the north-east of Petigo. While ascending the bleak, hideous mountain range, whose ridge commands a full view of this celebrated scene of superstition, the manner and appearance of the pilgrims were deeply interesting. Such groupings as pressed forward around me would have made fine studies either for him who wished to deplore or to ridicule the degradations and absurdities of human nature; indeed there was an intense interest in the scene. I look back at this moment with awe towards the tremulous and high-strained vibrations of my mind, as it responded to the excitement. Reader have you ever approached the eternal city? have you ever, from the dreary solitudes of the Campagna, seen the dome of St. Peter's for the first time? and have the monuments of the greatest men and the mightiest deeds that ever the earth witnessed—have the names of the Cæsars, and the Catos, and the Scipios, excited a curiosity amounting to a sensation almost too intense to be borne? I think I can venture to measure the expansion of your mind, as it enlarged itself before the crowding visions of the past, as the dim grandeur of ages rose up and developed itself from

amidst the shadows of time ; and entranced amidst the magic of your own associations, you desired to stop—you were almost content to go no farther—your *own* Rome, you were in the midst of—Rome free—Rome triumphant—Rome classical. And perhaps it is well you awoke in good time from your shadowy dream, to escape from the unvaried desolation and the wasting *malaria* that brooded all around.

Reader, I can fancy that such might have been your sensations when the domes and spires of the world's capital first met your vision ; and I can assure you, that while ascending the ridge that was to give me a view of Patrick's Purgatory, my sensations were as impressively, as powerfully excited. For I desire you to recollect, that the welfare of your immortal soul was not connected with your imaginings ; your magnificent visions did not penetrate into the soul's doom. You were not straining your imagination to grasp those fantasies that belong to the victim of a gloomy and superstitious dogma. You were not submitted to the agency of a transcendental power. You were, in a word, a poet, but not a fanatic. What comparison, then, could there be between the exercise of your free, manly, cultivated understanding, and my feelings on this occasion, with my thick-coming visions of immortality, that almost lifted me from the mountain-path I was ascending, and brought me, as it were, into contact with the invisible world ? I repeat it, then, that such were my feelings, when all the faculties which exist in the mind were aroused and concentrated upon one object. In such a case, the pilgrim stands, as it were, between life and death, and as it was superstition that placed him there, she certainly conjures up to his heated fancy those dark, fleeting, and indistinct

images, which are best adapted to that gloom which she has already cast over his mind. Although there could not be less than two hundred people, young and old, boys and girls, men and women, the hale and the sickly, the blind and the lame, all climbing to gain the top with as little delay as possible, yet was there scarcely a sound, certainly not a word to be heard among them. For my part, I plainly heard the palpitations of my heart, both loud and quick. Had I been told that the veil of eternity was about to be raised before me at that moment, I could scarcely have felt more intensely. Several females were obliged to rest for some time, in order to gain both physical and moral strength—one fainted; and several old men were obliged to sit down. All were praying—every crucifix was out—every bead in requisition; and nothing broke a silence so solemn, but a low, monotonous murmur of devotion—although, perhaps, at that moment there was not a single heart engaged in the prayers which the mouth was uttering. But this is the Church of Rome still—all effect, all excitement, all sensation, arising from the influence of external objects—whilst the heart is untouched, and the mind unenlightened in any sense worthy the majesty of God, or the object of an immortal spirit.

As soon as we ascended the hill, the whole scene was instantly before us: a large lake, surrounded by an amphitheatre of mountains, bleak, uncomfortable, and desolate. In the lake itself, about half a mile from the edge next us, was to be seen the "Island," with two or three slated houses on it, naked and unplastered, as desolate-looking almost as the mountains. A little range of exceeding low hovels, which the German dwarf could scarcely enter without stooping, appeared to the left; and

the eye could rest on nothing more, except a living mass of human beings crawling slowly about like worms on a dead dog. The first thing the pilgrim does when he gets a sight of the lake, is to prostrate himself, kiss the earth, and then on his knees *offer up* three *Paters* and *Aves*, for the favour of being permitted to see this blessed place. When this is over, he descends to the lake, and after paying ten-pence to the ferryman, is rowed over to the purgatory. When the whole view was presented to me, I stood for some time to contemplate it; and I cannot better illustrate the reaction which took place in my mind, than by saying that it resembles that awkward inversion which a man's proper body experiences, when, on going to pull something from which he expects a marvellous resistance, it comes with him at a touch, and the natural consequence is, that he finds his head down, and his heels up. That which dashed the whole scene from the dark elevation in which the romance of devotion had placed it, was the appearance of slated houses, and of the smoke that curled from the hovels and the prior's residence. This at once brought me back to humanity; and the idea of roasting meat, boiling pots, and dressing dinners, dispossessed every fine and fearful image which had floated through my imagination for the last twelve hours. In fact, allowing for the difference of situation, it nearly resembled John's Well, or James's Fair, when beheld at a distance, turning the slated houses into inns, the hovels into tents, and the priests into jugglers. A certain idea, slight, untraceable, and involuntary, went over my brain on that occasion, which, though it did not *then* cost me a single effort of reflection, I think was revived and developed at a future period of my life, and became, perhaps to a certain extent, the means of

opening a wider range of thought to my mind, and of giving a new tone to my existence. Still, however, nothing except my idea of its external appearance disappointed me; I accordingly descended with the rest, and in a short time found myself among the living mass upon the island. The first thing I did was to hand over my three cakes of oaten bread which I had got made in Petigo, tied up in a handkerchief, as well as my hat and second shirt, to the care of the owner of one of the huts: having first, by the way, undergone a second prostration on touching the island, and greeted it with fifteen holy kisses, and another string of prayers. I then, according to the regulations, should commence the stations, lacerated as my feet were after so long a journey; so that I had not a moment to rest. Think, therefore, what I must have suffered, on surrounding a large chapel, in the direction of from east to west, along a pavement of stone spikes, every one of them making its way along my nerves and muscles to my unfortunate brain. I was absolutely stupid and dizzy with the pain, the praying, the jostling, the elbowing, the scrambling and the uncomfortable penitential whining of the whole crowd. I knew not what I was about, but went through the forms in the same mechanical dead spirit which pervaded all present.

As for that solemn, humble, and heartfelt sense of God's presence, which Christian prayer demands, its existence in the mind would not only be a moral, but a physical impossibility in Lough Dearg. Salvation as offered in the word of God, and the simple unincumbered views of man's fallen nature, and of God's mercy in enabling him by faith in Christ to raise himself from his natural state of sin, do not belong to the place. If these doctrines were known, salvation would not be made, as in the



present instance, to depend on locality. There is nothing there but rosaries to the Blessed Virgin—prayers and litanies to dead men and women, called saints—acts of faith, hope, and charity, economically *performed* by repeating them from memory, or by reading them from books. There is confession, penance to the eyes, and *repetition* of prayers; but seldom repentance or prayer. As I said before, they could not be felt here. How could a creature, with feet spliced and cut up, address the Almighty Father of the universe, limping about, like a cripple, upon the villanous spikes above mentioned, without being guilty of impiety and insult to the Deity? But if it be not calculated to excite religion in the heart, it is right well adapted to delude the sinner; and in a church, which, contrary to reason and Scripture, ascribes merit in the sight of God to human works, it is no wonder that it has attained such eminence. For I verily think, that if mortification of the body, without conversion of the life or heart—if penance and not repentance *could* save the soul, no wretch who performed pilgrimage here, could with a good grace be damned. Out of hell the place is matchless, and if there *be* a purgatory in the other world, it may very well be said there is a fair rehearsal of it in the county of Donegal in Ireland!

When I commenced my station, I started from what is called the “beds,” and God help St. Patrick if he lay upon them: they are sharp stones placed circularly in the earth, with the spike ends of them up, one circle within another; and the manner in which the pilgrim gets as far as the innermost, resembles precisely that in which school-boys enter the walls of Troy upon their slates. I moved away from these upon the sharp stones with which the whole island is surfaced, keeping the chapel or

"Prison," as it is called, upon my right; then turning, I came round again, with a *circumbendibus*, to the spot from which I set out. During this circuit, as well as I can remember, I *repeated* fifty-five *paters* and *aves*, and five creeds, or five decades; and be it known, that the fifty prayers were *offered up* to the Virgin Mary, and the odd five to God! I then commenced getting around the external beds, during which I *repeated*, I think, fifteen *paters* and *aves* more; and as the beds decreased in circumference, the prayers decreased in length, until a short circuit and three *paters* and *aves* finished the last and innermost of these blessed couches. I really forget how many times each day the prison and these beds are to be surrounded, and how many thousand prayers are to be *repeated* during the circuit, though each circuit is, in fact, making the grand tour of the island; but I never shall forget that I was the best part of a July day at it, when the soles of my feet were flayed, and the stones hot enough to broil a beef-steak! When the first day's station was over, is it necessary to say that a little rest would have been agreeable? But no—this would not suit the policy of the place: here it may be truly said that there is no rest for the wicked.

The only luxury allowed me was the privilege of feasting upon one of my cakes (having not tasted food that blessed day until then)—upon one of my cakes, I say, and a copious supply of the water of the lake, which, to render the repast more stomachable, was made lukewarm! This was to keep my spirits up after the delicate day's labour I had gone through, and to cheer me against the pleasant prospect of a hard night's praying without sleep, which lay in the back ground! But when I saw every one at this refreshing meal with a good, thick, substantial *bannock*, and then looked at the immateri-

ality of my own, I could not help reverting to the woman who made them for me, with a degree of vivacity not altogether in unison with the charity of a Christian. The knavish creature defrauded me of one half of the oatmeal, although I had purchased it myself in Petigo for the occasion; being determined, that as I was only to get two meals in the three days, they should be such as a person could fast upon. Never was there a man more bitterly dissatisfied; for they were not thicker than crown pieces, and I searched for them in my mouth, to no purpose—the only thing like substance I could feel there was the warm water. At last night came; but here to describe the horrors of what I suffered I hold myself utterly inadequate. I was wedged in a truckle bed with seven others, one of whom was a Scotch Papist—another a man with a shrunk leg, who wore a crutch—all afflicted with that disease which northern men that feed on oatmeal are liable to; and then the swarms that fell upon my poor young skin, and probed, and stung, and fed on me! it was pressure and persecution almost insupportable, and yet such was my fatigue, that sleep even here began to weigh down my eyelids.

I was just on the point of enjoying a little rest, when a man ringing a large hand-bell, came round, crying out in a low, supernatural growl, which could be heard double the distance of the loudest shout—"waken up, waken up, and come to prison." The words were no sooner out of his mouth, than there was a sudden start, and a general scramble in the dark for our respective garments. When we got dressed, we proceeded to the waters of the lake, in which we washed our face and hands, repeating prayers during the ablution. This to me was the most impressive and agreeable part of the whole station.

The night while we were in bed, or rather in torture, had become quite stormy, and the waves of the lake beat against the shore with the violence of an agitated sea. There was just-sufficient moon to make the "darkness visible," and to show the black clouds drifting with rapid confusion, in broken masses, over our heads. This, joined to the tossing of the billows against the shore—the dark silent groups that came, like shadows, stooping for a moment over the surface of the waters, and retreating again in a manner which the severity of the night rendered necessarily quick, raising thereby in the mind the idea of gliding spirits—then the pre-conceived desolation of the surrounding scenery—the indistinct shadowy chain of dreary mountains which, faintly relieved by the lurid sky, hemmed in the lake—the silence of the forms, contrasted with the tumult of the elements about us—the loneliness of the place—its isolation and remoteness from the habitations of men—all this put together, joined to the feeling of deep devotion in which I was wrapped, had really a sublime effect upon me. Upon the generality of those who were there, blind to the natural beauty and effect of the hour and the place, and viewing it only through the medium of superstitious awe, it was indeed calculated to produce the notion of something not belonging to the circumstances and reality of human life.

From this scene we passed to one, which, though not characterised by its dark awful beauty, was scarcely inferior to it in effect. It was called the "Prison," and it is necessary to observe here, that every pilgrim must pass twenty-four hours in this place, kneeling, without food or sleep, although one meal of bread and warm water, and whatever sleep he could get in Petigo with seven in a bed, were his allowance of food and sleep during the twenty-four

hours previous. I must here beg the good reader's attention for a moment, with reference to our penance in the "Prison." Let us consider now the nature of this pilgrimage: it must be performed on foot no matter what the distance of residence (allowing for voyages)—the condition of life—the age or the sex of the pilgrim may be. Individuals from France, America, England, and Scotland visit it—as voluntary devotees, or to perform an act of penance for some great crime—or perhaps to atone for a bad life in general. It is performed, too, in the dead heat of summer, when labour is slack, and the lower orders have sufficient leisure to undertake it; and I may add, when travelling on foot is most fatiguing: they arrive, therefore, without a single exception, blown and jaded almost to death. The first thing they do, notwithstanding this, is to commence the fresh rigours of the station, which occupies them several hours. This consists in what I have already described, viz. the pleasant promenade upon the stony spikes around the prison and the "beds;" that over, they take their first and only meal for the day; after which, as in my own case just related, they must huddle themselves in clusters, on what is barefacedly called a bed, but which is nothing more nor less than a beggarman's "shake-down," where the smell, the heat, the filth, and above all, the vermin, are intolerable to the very farthest stretch of the superlative degree. As soon as their eyes begin to close here, they are roused by the bell-man, and summoned at the hour of twelve—first washing themselves as aforesaid, in the lake, and then adjourning to the prison, which I am about to describe. There is not on earth, with the exception of pagan rites,—and it is melancholy to be compelled to compare any institution of the Christian religion with a Juggernaut,—there is not on earth, I say, a regula-

tion of a religious nature, more barbarous and inhuman than this. It has destroyed thousands since its establishment—has left children without parents, and parents childless. It has made wives widows, and torn from the disconsolate husband the mother of his children; and is itself the monster which St. Patrick is said to have destroyed in the place—a monster, which is a complete and significant allegory of this great and destructive superstition. But what is even worse than death, by stretching the powers of human sufferance until the mind cracks under them, it is said sometimes to return these pitiable creatures maniacs—exulting in the laugh of madness, or sunk for ever in the incurable apathy of religious melancholy. I mention this now, to exhibit the cunning with which these calamities are turned to account, and the knavery which is exercised over these poor, unsuspecting people, in consequence of their occurrence. The pilgrims, being thus aroused at midnight, are sent to prison; and what think you is the impression under which they enter it? one indeed, which, when we consider their bodily weakness and mental excitement, must do its work with success. It is this: that as soon as they enter the prison, a *supernatural* tendency to sleep will come over them, which, they say, is peculiar to the place; that this is an emblem of the influence of sin over the soul, and a type of their future fate: that if they resist this, they will be saved; but that if they yield to it, they will not only be damned to the flames of hell in the next world, but will go mad in this. Is it any wonder that a weak mind and exhausted body, wrought upon by these fiendish bugbears, should induce upon itself, by its own terrors, the malady of derangement? We know that nothing acts so strongly and so fatally upon reason, as an imagination diseased by religious terrors; and I regret to

say, that I had upon that night an opportunity of witnessing a fatal instance of it.

After having washed ourselves in the dark waters of the lake, we entered this famous "prison," which is only a naked, unplastered chapel, with an altar against one of the side-walls and two galleries. On entering this place, a scene presented itself altogether unparalleled on the earth, and in every point of view capable to sustain the feelings raised in the mind by the midnight scenery of the lake as seen during the ablutions. The prison was full but not crowded; for had it been crowded, we would have been happy. It was, however, just sufficiently filled to give every individual the pleasure of sustaining himself, without having it in his power to recline for a moment in an attitude of rest, or to change that most unsupportable of all bodily suffering, uniformity of position. There we knelt upon a hard ground floor, and commenced praying; and again I must advert to the policy which prevails in this island.

During the period of imprisonment, there are no prescribed prayers nor ceremonies whatever to be performed, and this is the more strange, as every other stage of the station has its proper devotions. But these are suspended here, lest the attention of the prisoners might be fixed on any particular object, and the supernatural character of drowsiness imputed to the place, be thus doubted—they are, therefore, turned in without any thing to excite them to attention, or to resist the propensity to sleep occasioned by their fatigue and want of rest. Having thus nothing to do—nothing to sustain—nothing to stimulate them, it is very natural that they should, even if unexhausted by previous lassitude, be inclined to sleep—but every thing that can weigh them down is laid upon them in this heavy

and oppressive superstition, that the strong delusion may be kept up. We however began to pray—and such prayer ! Oh, Romanism ! Romanism ! the blood of millions is upon you—you have your popes, your priests, your friars, your nuns, your monks, your hermits, your hair, your teeth, your nails, your garments, your blessed buttons, your rotten bones, your bits of wood, your gold, your ivory, your pictures, your scapulars, your cords, your candles, your ashes, your salt, your water, your charms, your exorcisms, your wafers, your masses, your penance, your indulgences, your fasts, your feasts, your jubilees, your oils, your absolutions, your confessions, your floating funds of good works in this life, to be sold out to the credulous to relieve them from imaginary purgatories in the next ; you have your visionary lies, and your lying visions, your dreams and your raptures, your miracles, your holy wells, your blessed graves, and your Lough Deargs, you have all these, but you have not Christ—these form the great idol which you have set up in his stead, these are the “strong delusions,” the “lie,” which you are given to believe, and yet you call yourself the Church of Christ !—You have first told man that he is a sinner, and you next teach him to look to human intercession for salvation ! Did Christ speak truth when he declared that there is no way unto the Father but by *Him* ? that *He* is the *way*, the *truth*, and the *life* ? These words contain the awful sentence of your condemnation—in them you hear the eternal voice of God against you. You stand, therefore between them and your people—you wrap that guide, from which you have departed, in darkness, lest it should testify against you—lest the people whom you have led astray should find their error and return to the truth—lest they should perceive, that, like the Pharisees, whilst you have pretended



to them to have the word of God as your standard, you have made it of "none effect by your traditions." But the day is coming—is already come—when the imposture of the priest, and the lie of the man, shall both be tried and detected by the word of God.

On entering the prison I was struck with the dim religious twilight of the place. Two candles gleamed faintly from the altar, and there was something I thought of a deadly light about them, as they burned feebly and stilly against the darkness which hung over the other part of the building. Two priests, facing the congregation, stood upon the altar in silence, with pale spectral visages, their eyes catching an unearthly glare from the sepulchral light of the slender tapers. But that which was strangest of all, and as I said before, without parallel in this world, was the impression and effect produced by the deep, drowsy, hollow, hoarse, guttural, ceaseless, and monotonous *hum*, which proceeded from about four hundred individuals half asleep, and at prayer; for their cadences were blended and slurred into each other, as they repeated, in an awe-struck and earnest undertone, the prayers in which they were engaged. It was certainly the strangest and most supernatural-like sound I ever heard, and resembled a thousand subterraneous groans, uttered in a kind of low, deep, unvaried chant. Nothing could produce a sense of gloomy alarm in a weak superstitious mind equal to this; and it derived much of its wild and singular character, as well as of its lethargic influence, from its continuity; for it still—still rung lowly and supernaturally on my ear. Perhaps the deep, wavy prolongation of the bass of a large cathedral bell, or that low, continuous sound, which is distinct from its higher and louder intonations, would give a faint

notion of it, yet only a faint one; for the body of hoarse monotony here was immense. Indeed, such a noise had something so powerfully lulling, that human nature, even excited by the terrible suggestions of superstitious fear, was scarcely able to withstand it.

Now the poor pilgrims forget, that this strong disposition to sleep arises from the weariness produced by their long journeys—by the exhausting penance of the station, performed without giving them time to rest—by the other natural consequences of not giving them time to sleep—by the drowsy darkness of the chapel—and by the heaviness caught from the low peculiar-murmur of the pilgrims, which would of itself overcome the lightest spirit. I was here but a very short time when I began to doze, and just as my chin was sinking placidly on my breast, and the words of an *Ave Maria* dying upon my lips, I felt the charm all at once broken by a well-meant rap upon the occiput, conferred through the instrumentality of a little angry-looking squat urchin of sixty years, and a remarkably good black-thorn cudgel, which, along with its owner, was engaged in thwacking the heads of such sinners as, not having the dread of insanity and the regulations of the place before their eyes, were inclined to sleep. I declare the knock I received told to such purpose on my head, that nothing occurred during the pilgrimage that vexed me so much. After all, I really slept the better half of the night; yet so indescribably powerful was the apprehension of derangement, that my hypocritical tongue wagged aloud at the prayers, during these furtive naps. Nay, I not only slept but dreamed. I experienced also that singular state of being, in which, while the senses are accessible to the influence of surrounding objects, the process of thought is suspended, the

man seems to enjoy an inverted existence, in which the soul sleeps, and the body remains awake and susceptible of external impressions. I once thought I was washing myself in the lake, and that the dashing noise of its waters rang in my ears: I also fancied myself at home in conversation with my friends; yet, in neither case, did I altogether forget where I was. Still in struggling to bring my mind back, so paramount was the dread of awaking deranged should I fall asleep, that these occasional visions—associating themselves with this terror—and this again broken in upon by the hoarse murmurs about me, throwing their dark shade on every object that passed through my imagination, the force of reason being too vague at the moment; these occasional visions, I say, and this jumbling together of broken images and disjointed thoughts, had such an effect upon me, that I imagined several times, that the awful penalty was exacted, and that my reason was gone for ever. I frequently started, and on seeing two dim lights upon the altar, and on hearing the ceaseless and eternal murmurs going on—going on—around me, without being immediately able to ascribe them to their proper cause, I set myself down as a lost man: for on that terror I was provokingly clear during the whole night. I more than once gave an involuntary groan or shriek, on finding myself in this singular state; so did many others, and these groans and shrieks were wildly and fearfully contrasted with the never-ending hum, which, like the ceaseless noise of a distant waterfall, went on during the night. The perspiration occasioned by this inconceivable distress, by the heat of the place, and by the unchangeableness of my position, flowed profusely from every pore. About two o'clock in the morning an unhappy young man, either in a state of lethargic indifference, or under the in-

fluence of these sudden paroxysms, threw himself, or fell from one of the galleries, and was so shattered by the fall, that he died next day at twelve o'clock, and what was not much to the credit of the reverend gentry of the island, without the benefit of the clergy; for I saw a priest with his stole and box of chrism finishing off his extreme unction when he was quite dead. I have always thought that act to be one of the most degrading to human reason, and impious in the sight of God, of any I ever witnessed of a religious nature. The under jaw of the corpse hung down, his eyes were open, and stared with the wild glassy look of death, his nostrils were distended and filled with mucus, his hair was on end, and about his brows and the upper part of his face, lay the froth of the perspiration which exuded in the agonies of death. There was the priest, rubbing his oil over the dead body of this victim of superstition, confident that such an application would benefit his soul, before the awful tribunal of eternal justice. This is frequently done in the Church of Rome, under a hope that life may not be utterly extinct, and that consequently the final separation of the soul and body may not have taken place. But what difference does this make? It is by the application of oil of olives to the body, that a sinner effects salvation for his immortal soul? Is man reasonable? The Church of Rome would lead us to suppose that he is not. The fall of this young man drove the sleep from the eyes of some of us, but had very little effect upon the crowd, for the situation of each was too fearfully critical, to admit of any consideration beyond it.

In this prison, during the night, several persons go about with rods and staves, rapping those on the head whom they see heavy; snuff-boxes also go round very freely, elbows are jogged, chins chucked,

and ears twitched, for the purpose of keeping each other awake. The rods and staves are frequently changed from hand to hand, and I thought it would be a lucky job, if I could get one for a little to enable me to change my position. I accordingly asked a man who had been a long time banging in this manner, if he would allow me to take his place for some time, and he was civil enough to do so. I therefore set out on my travels through the prison, rapping about me at a great rate, and with remarkable effect ; for, whatever was the cause of it, I perceived that not a soul seemed the least inclined to doze after a visit from me ; on the contrary, I observed several to scratch their heads, giving me at the same time looks of very sincere thankfulness.

But what I am convinced was the most meritorious act of my whole pilgrimage, as it was certainly the most zealously performed, was a remembrance I gave the squat fellow, who visited me in the early part of the night. He was engaged; tooth and nail, with another man, at a *de profundis*, and although not asleep at the time, yet on the principle that prevention is better than cure, I thought it more prudent to let him have his rap before the occasion for it might come on: he accordingly got full payment at compound interest, for the villanous knock he had *lent* me before. This employment stirred my blood a little, and I got much lighter. I could now pay some attention to the scene about me, and the first object that engaged it, was a fellow with a hare lip, who had completely taken the lead at prayer. The organs of speech seemed to have been transferred from his mouth to his nose, and although Irish was his vernacular language, either some fool or knave had taught him to *say his prayers* in English: and you may take this as an observation founded on fact, that the language which a Romanist does

*not* understand, is the one in which he is disposed to pray. As for him he had lots of English prayers, though he was totally ignorant of that language.

The twang from the nose, the loud and rapid tone in which he spoke, and the *malaproprian* happiness with which he travestied every prayer he uttered, would have compelled any man to smile. The priests laughed outright before the whole congregation, particularly one of them, whom I well knew ; the other turned his face towards the altar, and leaning over a silver pix, in which, according to their own tenets—the Redeemer of the world must have been at that moment, as it contained the consecrated wafers, gave full vent to his risibility. Now it is remarkable that no one present attached the slightest impropriety to this—I for one did not ; although it certainly occurred to me with full force at a subsequent period. It is strange, indeed, to what lengths a Roman Catholic Priest may go, and sometimes does go, before his conduct is considered improper. Nothing except some exceedingly gross act on his part, can give offence to the laity. Drunkenness is nothing. Swearing is nothing. It sometimes happens that men suspended for adultery, who are habitual drunkards, too, set up the trade of miracle-working, and assume the character of *Blessed Priests* with complete success. These two gentlemen conducted themselves thus shamefully, at a moment when there were, if they believed it, not less than two hundred whole and entire Christs, or, at the very least, a hundred and fifty Redeemers of the world, in a silver vase at their elbows.

When morning came, the blessed light of the sun broke the leaden charm of the prison, and infused into us a wonderful portion of fresh vigour. This day being the second from our arrival, we had our second station to perform, and consequently all the

sharp spikes to re-traverse. We were not permitted at all to taste food during these twenty-four hours, so that our weakness was really very great. I beg leave, however, to return my special acknowledgments for the truly hospitable allowance of *wine*, with which I, in common with every other pilgrim, was treated. This wine is made by filling a large pot with the lake water, and making it lukewarm. It is then handed round in jugs and wooden noggins, to their credit be it recorded, in the greatest possible abundance. On this alone I breakfasted, dined, and supped, during the second or prison day of my pilgrimage. At twelve o'clock that night we left prison and made room for another squadron, who gave us their kennels. Such a luxury was sleep to me, however, that I felt not the slightest inconvenience from the vermin, though I certainly made a point to avoid the Scotchman and the cripple. On the following day I confessed, and never was an unfortunate soul so grievously afflicted with a bad memory as I was on that occasion—the whole thing altogether, but particularly the prison scene, had knocked me up, I could not, therefore, remember a tithe of my sins; and the priest, poor man, had really so much to do, and was in such a hurry, that he had made me clean absolved, before I had got half through the preface. I then went with a fresh batch to receive the sacrament, which I did from the hands of the good-humoured gentleman who enjoyed so richly the praying talents of the hare-lipped devotee in the prison.

I cannot avoid mentioning here a practice peculiar to Roman Catholics, which consists in an exchange of one or more prayers, by a stipulation between two persons: for instance, I *offer up a pater* and *ave* for you, and you again for me. It is called *swapping prayers*. After I had received the sacra-

ment, I observed a thin, sallow little man, with a pair of beads, as long as himself, moving from knot to knot, but never remaining long in the same place. At last he glided up to me, and in a whisper asked me if I knew him. I answered in the negative. "Oh, then, alanna, ye war never here before?" "Never." "Oh, I see that, acushla, ye would a' known me if ye had: well then, did ye never hear of Sol Donnel, the pilgrim?" "I never did," I replied, "but are we not all pilgrims while here?" "To be shure, aroon, bud I'm a pilgrim every place else, you see, as well as here, my darlin' sweet young man." "Then you're a pilgrim by profession?" "That's it, astore machree; every buddy that comes here the seckin time, shure, knows Sol Donnel, the blessed pilgrim." "In that case it was impossible for me to know you, as I was never here before." "A cushla, I know that, bud a gud beginnin' are ye makin' iv id—an' at your time of life too; bud, avick, it must prosper wid ye, comin' here I mane!" "I hope it may." "Well yer parents isn't both livin' it's likely?" "No." "Ay!—but ye'll jist not be afther forgettin' that same, ye see, I bleev I sed so—your father dead I suppose?" "No, my mother." "Your mother—well, avick, I didn't say that for a sartinty; bud still, ye see, avourneen, may be some buddy could a tould ye it was the mother, forhaps, afther all." "Did you know them?" I asked. "You see, a lanna, I can't say that, widout first heerin' their names." "My name is B——." "An' a dacent bearable name it is, darlin'. Is yer father iv them dacent people the B——s iv Newtownlismavady, a hegur?" "Not that I know of." "Oh well, well, it makes no maxim between you an' me, at all, at all; bud the Lord mark ye to grace, any how—it's a dacent name sure enuff, only if yer mother was livin', it's herself 'ud be the proud woman,



an' well she might, to see such a clane, promisin' son steppin' home to her from Lough Dearg." "Indeed I'm obliged to you," said I—"I protest I'm obliged to you, for your good opinion of me." "It's nothin' bud what ye deserve, avick!—an' more nor that—yer the makin's iv a clargy I'm guessin'?" "I am," said I, "surely designed for that." "Oh, I know'd it, I know'd it, it's in your face; you've the *sogarth* in yer very face: an' well will ye become the *robes* when ye get them on ye: sure, an' to tell you the truth (in a whisper, stretching up his mouth to my ear) I feel my heart warm towardst ye, somehow." "I declare I feel much the same towards you," I returned, for the fellow in spite of me was gaining upon my good opinion—"you are a decent, civil soul." "An' fur that rason, and fur your dacent mother's sake (*sobies-coat in passy, amin*) I'll jist here offer up the *gray profungus*, for the relase iv her sowl out o' the burnin' flames iv purgathor." I really could not help shuddering at this. He then repeated a psalm for that purpose, the 130th in our Bible, but the 129th in theirs. When it was finished, with all due gesticulation, that is to say, having thumped his breast with great violence, kissed the ground, and crossed himself repeatedly, he says to me, like a man confident that he had paved his way to my good graces, "Now, avick, as we *did* do so much, yer the very darlin' young man that I won't lave, widout the best, may be, that's to come yet, ye see; bekase I'll *swap a prayer* wud ye this blessed minnit." "I'm very glad you mentioned it," said I. "Bud you don't know, may be, darlin', that I'm undher five ordhers." "Dear me! is it possible you're under so many?" "Undher five ordhers, acushla!"—"Well," I replied, "I am ready."—"Under five ordhers—but I'll lave it to yourself; only when it's over, may be, ye'll hear somethin'

from me, that'll make ye thankful ye ever giv'd me silver, any way."

By this time I saw his drift; but he really had managed his point so dexterously—not forgetting the *de profundis*—that I gave him ten pence in silver: he pocketed it with great alacrity, and was at the prayer in a twinkling, which he did offer up in fine style—five *paters*, five *aves*, and a creed, whilst I set the same number to his credit. When we had finished, he made me kneel down to receive his blessing, which he gave in great form:—"Now," said he, in a low important tone, "I'm goin' to show ye a thing that'll make ye bless the born day ye iver seen my face; an' it's this—did ye ever hear iv the blessed *Thurty Days' Prayer*?" "I can't say I did." "Well, avick, in good time still; bud there's a blessed buck, if ye can get it, that has a prayer in id, named the *Thurty Days' Prayer*, an' if ye jist repate that same, every day fur thirty fastin', there's no requist ye'll ax from heaven, good, bad, or indifferent, bud ye'll get. An' now duv ye begrudge givin' me what I got?" "Not a bit," said I, "and I'll certainly look for the book." "No, no, the darlin' fine young man!" soliloquising aloud—"Well and well did I know ye wouldn't, nor another along wid id—sensible and learned as ye are, to know the blessed worth iv what he got for id; not makin', at the same time, any comparishment at all at all atween it and the dhurty thrash iv riches iv this earth, that every wan has their heart fixed upon—exceptin' iv them that the Lord gives the larnin', an' the edication to, to know betther." Oh, flattery! flattery! and a touch of hypocrisy on my part! Between ye, did ye make another lodgment in my purse, which was instantly lightened by an additional bank token, value ten pence, handed over to this sugar-tongued old knave. When

he pocketed this, he shook me cordially by the hand, bidding me "not to furgit the thurdy days' prayer, at any rate." He then glided off, with his small, sallow face, stuck between his little, shrugged shoulders, fingering his beads, and praying audibly with great apparent fervour, whilst his little keen eye was reconnoitering for another cully. In the course of a few minutes, I saw him lead a large, soft, warm-looking, countryman, over to a remote corner, and enter into an earnest conversation with him, which, I could perceive, ended by their both kneeling down, I suppose, *to swap a prayer*, and I have no doubt but he lightened the honest countryman's purse as well as mine.

On the third day I was determined, if possible, to leave it early: so I performed my third and last station round the chapel and the beds, reduced to such a state of weakness and hunger, that the coats of my stomach must have been rubbing against each other; my feet were quite shapeless. I therefore made the shortest circuit and the longest strides possible, until I finished it.

I witnessed this day, immediately before my departure from this gloomy and truly purgatorial settlement, a scene of some interest. A priest was standing before the door of the dwelling-house, giving tickets to such as were about to confess, this being a necessary point. When he had despatched them all, I saw an old man and his son approach him, the man seemingly between sixty and seventy, the boy about fourteen. They had a look of peculiar decency, but were thin and emaciated, even beyond what the rigour of their penance here could produce. The youth tottered with weakness, and the old man supported him with much difficulty. It is right to mention here, that this pilgrimage was performed in a season

when sickness and famine prevailed fearfully in this kingdom. They advanced up to the priest to pay their money on receiving their tickets; he extended his palm from habit, but did not speak. The old man had some silver in his hand; and as he was about to give it to the priest, I saw the child look up beseechingly in his father's face, whilst an additional paleness came over his own, and his eyes filled with tears. The father saw and felt the appeal of the child, and hesitated; the priest's arm was still extended, his hand open:—"Would you, Sir," said the old man, addressing the priest, "be good enough to hear a word from me?" "For what, Sir?" replied the priest, in a sharp, repulsive tone. "Why, Sir," answered the old man, "I am very much distressed."—"Ho! ho! is this the story? Come, pay the money, don't you see I've no time now for such *stories*." "I won't detain you a minute, Sir," said the man; "this child"—"What! what! you want to chouse me out of the money, then? that's your object; down with it on the instant, and begone." The old man dropped it into the priest's hand, in a kind of start, produced by the stern tone of voice in which he was addressed. When the priest got the money he seemed in a better humour, not wishing, I could see, to send the man away with a bad impression of him. "Well, what's that you were going to say to me?" "Why, Sir," resumed the old man, "that I have not a penny in my possession behind what I have just now put into your hand—not the price of a morsel for this child or myself, although we have forty miles to travel!"

"Well, and how am *I* to remedy that? What brought you here, if you had not what would bear your expenses?" "I had, Sir, on setting out; but my little boy was five days sick in Pettigo, and *that*

took away with it what we had to carry us home." "And you expect me in short, to furnish you with money to do that? Do you think, my good man, there are not *paupers* in my own parish, that have a better right to assistance than you have?" "I do not doubt it, Sir," said he, "I do not doubt it; and as for myself, I could crawl home upon any thing; but what is this child to do? he is already sinking with hunger and—" The poor man's utterance here failed him, as he cast his eyes on the poor, pale boy. When he had recovered himself a little, he proceeded:—"He is all that it has pleased God to leave to his afflicted mother and me, out of seven of them. His other brother and sister and him were all we had living for some years; they are seven weeks dead yesterday, of the fever; and when *he* was given over, Sir, his mother and I vowed, that if God would spare him to us, we would bring him to the 'Island,' as soon as he would be able for the journey. He was but weakly settin' out, and we had no notion that the station was so tryin' as it is: it has nearly overcome my child, and how he will be able to walk forty miles in this weak, sickly state, God only knows." "Oh! Sir," said the boy, "my poor father is worse off and weaker than I am, and he is sick too, Sir; I'm only weak, but not sick; but my poor father's both weak and sick," said he, his tears streaming from him, as he pressed his father's arm to his breast—"My poor father is both weak and sick, ay, and hungry too," said he. "Take this," said the priest, "it is as much as I can afford to give you," putting a silver five-penny piece into his hand; "there's a great deal of poor in my own parish." *Alas! thought I, you are not a father.* "Indeed, Sir," said the poor man, "I thought you would have allowed me to keep the silver I gave you, as how can we travel

two-and-forty miles on this?" "I tell you, my good man," said the priest, resuming more sternly his tone of insolence, "I have done as much for you as I can afford; and if every one gives you as much, you won't be ill off." The tears stood in the old man's eyes, as he fixed them hopelessly upon his boy, whilst the child looked ravenously at the money trifling as it was, and seemed to think of nothing except getting the worth of it of food. As they left the priest, "Oh, come, come, father," said the little fellow, "come, and let us get something to eat." "Easy, dear, till I draw my breath a little, for John, I *am* weak; but the Lord is strong, and will bring us home, if we put our trust in him; for if he's not more merciful to his poor creatures than them that acts in his name here, John, we would have a bad chance." They here sat down on the ledge of a rock, a few yards from the chapel, and I still remained bound to the spot by the interest I felt in what I had just witnessed. "What do *you* want, Sir?" said the priest to me; "did *you* get your ticket?" "I did, Sir," I replied; "but I hope you will permit me to become an advocate for that poor man and his son, as I think their case is one in which life and death are concerned!" "Really, my good young man, you may spare your advocacy. I'm not to be duped with such tales as you've heard." "By the tale, if tale you call it," I returned, "which the father told, I think, Sir, any man might be guided in his charity; but really I think, too, the most pitiful story was to be read in their faces." "Do ye think so? Well, if that's your opinion, I'm sure you have a fine opportunity of being charitable—go and help them then; I have no more time to lose with either you or them," said he, going into a comfortable house, whilst I could have fairly seen him up to the neck in the blessed element about us.

I here stepped over, and instantly desired the old man to hand me the five-pence, telling him at the same time that there was something better in prospect, as a proof of which I gave him half-a-crown. I then returned to the priest, and laid his five-pence down on the table before him; for I had the generosity, the fire, and the candour of youth about me, unrepressed by the villany of life. "What's this, Sir?" said he. "Your money, Sir," I replied—"it is such a *very* trifle, that it would be of no service to them, and they will be enabled to go home without it; the old man returns it." "That is as much as to say," he replied, sarcastically, "that you will patronise them yourself; I wish you joy of it. Was it to witness the distresses of others that you came to the island, let me ask?" "Perhaps I came from a worse motive," I returned. "I haven't the least doubt of it; but move off"—his face getting black with rage—"one word of insolence more, and I vow to God, I will," said he stretching to a cutting whip, for the use of which this Christian pastor was deservedly famous—"I will cut you up, while I'm able to stand over you." "Upon my word," said I, extending my feet one after another, "you have cut me up pretty well already, I think; but," with the most provoking coolness, "is that, Sir, the weapon of a Christian?" "Is it the weapon of a Christian, you ruffian? whatever weapon it is, you will soon feel the weight of it," said he, brandishing it over my head. "My good father," said I, "do you remember, as the meekness which characterised Him whom you profess to follow is insufficient to restrain you, that the laws of the country will not recognise your *horsewhip* Christianity?" "The laws of the country! Oh God help it for a country! The laws—oh, yes! excellent. Here Michael—I say, come here—drive out that ruffian. I'll be calm;

I'll not put myself in a passion—out with him, the blackguard, out with him!"

Here came forth another reverend champion—a huge fellow, with a head upon him as red as blood, and as large as a mess-pot. On turning round to contemplate this reverend Ogre, we recognised each other as slight acquaintances. "Bless me," said he, "what's the matter? Why, B——," addressing me, "what's this?" "Ho! ho! do you know that ruffian, Michael?" "Tut, I do—isn't he *for the mission*?" "Oh! ho!—is that it? well, I'm glad I know so much; good-by to you, young Mr. B——, that's for the mission: never fear, I'll keep my eye upon you; but I think he'll be a heretic before he'll be any thing else, for the devil seems to have got a hard houl't of him."

So saying, we separated. Michael followed me out—"This is an awkward business," said he, "you had better *make submission*, and ask his pardon: for you know he can injure your prospects, and will do so, if you don't *make submission*;" he is not of the most forgiving cast—but that's between ourselves." "What o'clock is it," said I. "Near two." "Well, good-by, and God bless you: if he had a spark of the Christian in him, I would beg his pardon at once, if I thought I had offended him;—but as to *making submission* to *such* a man, as you call it—why—this is a very sultry day, Michael." I returned directly to the old man and his son; and, let purity of motive go as it may, truth to tell, they were no losers by the priest's conduct; as I certainly slipped them a few additional shillings out of sheer contempt for him. On tasting a little refreshment in one of the cabins, the son fainted—but on the whole they were enabled to accomplish their journey home; and the father's blessing was surely a sufficient antidote against the priest's curse.



I was now ready to depart; and on my way to the boat, found my two old female companions watching, lest I should pass, and they might miss my company on the way. It was now three o'clock, and we determined to travel as far as we could that night, as the accommodations were vile in Petigo; and the spokeswoman mentioned a house of entertainment, about twelve miles forward, where, she said, we would find better treatment. When we got on *terra firma*, the first man I saw was the monosyllabic humourist, sitting on a hillock resting himself—his eyes fixed on the earth, and he evidently in a brown study on what he had gone through. He was drawing in his breath gradually, his cheeks expanding all the while, until they reached the utmost point of distention, when he would all at once let it go with a kind of easy puff, ending in a groan, as he surveyed his naked feet, which were now quite square, and out of all shape. I asked him how he liked the stations; he gave me one of the old looks, shrugged his shoulders, but said nothing—it was, however, a shrug condemnatory. I then asked him would he ever make another pilgrimage? He answered me by another shrug, a grave look, drily raising his eyebrows, and a second appeal to his feet, all of which I easily translated into strong negatives. We refreshed ourselves in Petigo.

When we were on the way home, I observed, that although the singular and fatal accident which befel the young man in the prison, excited very little interest at the time of its occurrence, yet no sooner had they who witnessed it got clear of the island, than it was given with every possible ornament; so that it would be as easy to recognise the plain fact, when decked out by their elucidations, as it would be to understand the sense of an original author,

after it has come through the hands of half a hundred commentators. But human nature is a darker enigma than any you could find in the Lady's Magazine. Who would suppose, for instance, that it was the same motive which set their tongues wagging now, that had chained their spirits by the strong force of the marvellous and the terrible, while they were in prison. Yet this was the fact; but their influence hung while there, like the tyrant's sword, over each individual head; and until the danger was past, they could feel no interest for any thing beyond themselves. In both cases, however, they were governed by the force of the marvellous and the terrible.

When we had finished our journey for the day, I was glad to find a tolerable bed; and never did man enjoy such a luxury of sweet sleep as I did that night. My old companion, too, evinced an attention to me seldom experienced in an accidental traveller. She made them get down water and bathe my feet, and asked me at what hour I would set out in the morning, telling me that she would see my clothes brushed, and every thing done herself—so minute was the honest creature in her little attentions. I told her I would certainly take a nap in the morning, as I had slept so little for the last three nights, and was besides so fatigued. "Musha, to be sure, and why not, agra! afther the hard bout you had in that blessed islan'! betoken that you're too tinder and soft rared to bare it like them that the work hardens; sleep—to be sure you'll sleep your fill—you want it in coorse, and now go to bed, and you'll appear quite another man in the mornin', plase God!"

I did not awake the next morning till ten o'clock, when I found the sun shining full into the room. I accordingly dressed myself partially, and I say *partially*—for I was rather surprised to find an unex-

pected chasm in my wardrobe ; neither my hat, coat, nor waistcoat being forthcoming. But I immediately made myself easy, by supposing that my kind companion had brought them to be brushed. Yet I relapsed into something more than surprise when I saw my fellow-traveller's redoubtable jacket lying on the seat of a chair, and her hare-skin cap on the top of it. My misgivings now were any thing but weak ; but I was not at all improved, either in my religion or philosophy, when, on calling up the landlady, I heard that my two companions had set out that morning at four o'clock. By this time I was as far as the first finger of my left hand, having succeeded in a remarkably short space of time in stripping the fingers of the right of those very useful appendages called nails. I inquired about my clothes, but all to no purpose ; the poor landlady knew nothing about them : which in fact, was the case : but she told me that the old one brushed them before she went away, saying that they were ready for me to put on whenever I wanted them. " Well," said I, " she *has* made another man of me." The landlady desired me to try if I had my purse ; and I found that the kind creature had certainly spared my purse, but showed no mercy at all to what it contained, which was one pound in paper, and a few shillings in silver—the latter, however, she left me. I had now no alternative but to don the jacket and hare-skin cap, which when I had done, with as bad a grace and as mortified a visage as ever man dressed himself with, I found I had not the slightest encouragement to throw my eye over the uniform gravity of my appearance, as I used to do in the black ; for, alas ! that which I was proudest of, viz. the clerical cut which it bestowed upon me was fairly gone—I had now more the appearance of a poacher than a priest.

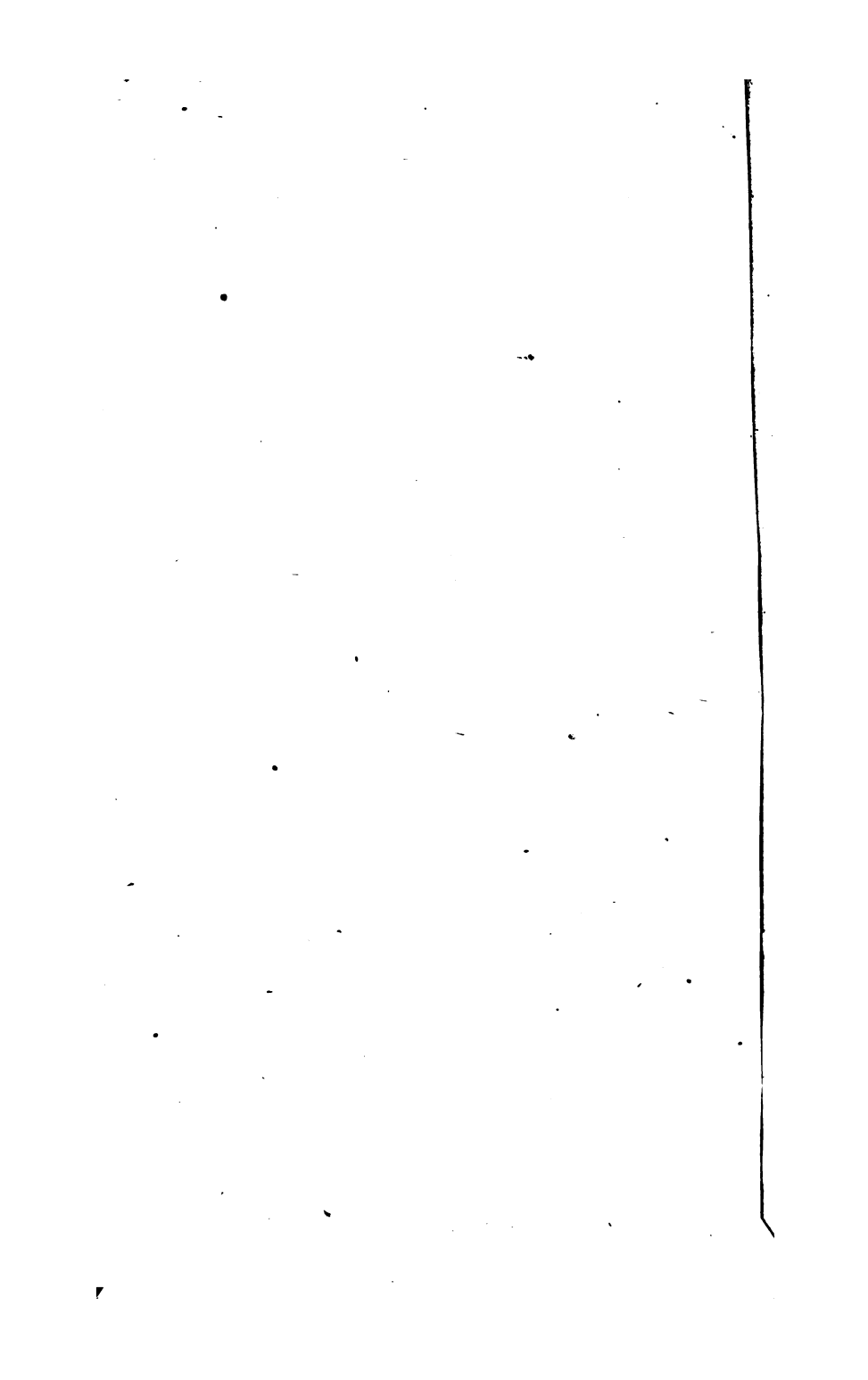
In this trim did I return to my friends—a goose stripped of my feathers, a dupe beknaved and beplundered—having been almost starved to death in the “island,” and nearly cudgelled by the priest. Now, were it not that I had the consolation to know that my salvation was clinched beyond a doubt, I would have set down the place at once as a bait to draw money from the ignorance of the superstitious, and the crimes of the wicked—as a rendezvous of swindling pilgrims, and juggling priests—as a Juggernaut of blind, degrading and disgusting idolatry, where the devotion is dark, and its exactions cruel: where good sense and religion are trampled on—delicacy, decency, and humanity outraged—and health, life, and intellect sacrificed, all to gratify the rapacity of a priesthood, who have for ages lived upon the crimes, the errors, and the ignorance of their tame, slavish, and unmanly followers. Had it once occurred to me that the Church of Rome could or *might* be wrong, I would have given the character of this place a most uncommon dressing—have pronounced it a curse to the country, and an indelible stain on religion. As soon as I crossed the threshold at home, the whole family were on their knees, to receive my blessing, there being a peculiar virtue in a Lough Dearg blessing. The next thing I did, after giving them an account of the manner in which I was plundered and stripped, was to make a due distribution of the pebbles\* of the lake, to contain which my sisters had previous to my journey, wrought me a little silk bag. This I brought home, stuffed as full as my purse was empty; for the epicene old villain left it to me in all its plentitude—disdaining to touch it. When I went to mass the

\* An uncommon virtue in curing all kinds of complaints is ascribed to these pebbles, small bags of which are brought home by the pilgrims, and distributed to their respective relations and friends.

following Sunday, I was surrounded by crowds, among whom I distributed my blessing, with an air of seriousness not at all lessened by the loss of my clothes and the emptying of my purse. When I told that part of my story to the priest, he laughed till the tears ran down his cheeks. He was a small, pleasant little man, with broad knees, slender legs, bent outwards, long flat feet, and large ancles, bent inwards. Now the said merriment of the reverend Father, I felt as contributing to make me look exceedingly ridiculous and sheepish. "So," says he, "you have fallen foul of Nel M'Collum, the most notorious shuler in the province—a gipsy, a fortune-teller, and a tinker's wife; but rest contented, you are not the first she has gulled—but beware the next time."—"There is no danger of *that*," said I, with peculiar emphasis.

END OF VOL. I.















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